JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 293.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

There will be a General Election next January. In the meantime Mr. Churchill will take Cabinet rank and Colonel Seely will join the Ministry. Other papers please copy—and contradict.

In any case, it can now be a matter of but a few days before Mr. Asquith formally assumes the Premiership; and in these circumstances people are watching with interest his general demeanour whilst acting as understudy of the rôle. His peculiarity of manner is rendered all the more conspicuous by contrast with the suavity and kindliness of "C. B.," and it is not altogether, old Members say, in harmony with the best traditions of the House. The fact is that, whilst by no means deficient in heart qualities, Mr. Asquith is essentially a "head" man. Intellectuality is his predominating characteristic—and the House of Commons is not a particularly intellectual institution. He also suffers from being a lawyer. Lawyers are always mistrusted in politics. Trained in the arts of making the worse appear the better cause, it takes a lot to make people believe in their sincerity. There are troublous times ahead for the Liberal Party, and no greater blow could have befallen it than the withdrawal of "C. B.'s" personality.

At the time of going to press, Peckham has not polled. We shall be surprised, however, if the result is not a revelation to the Government. Whether it will act also as a warning remains to be seen. We have extracted from the Chancellor of the Exchequer a definite pledge that the Licensing Bill shall be taken before Easter, so that Mr. Asquith has not much time for consideration. Will he take his courage in both hands, and, throwing fads and fanatics to the wind, either drop the time-limit or materially extend it? Will he drop the stupid six-mile radius for the "bona-fide traveller"? Will he remove the menace to the barmaid? Will he abandon the Sabbatarian clauses? Upon his decision rests the fate of the Liberal party. Upon his decision rests the fate of all those pressing social reforms which the Liberal party was elected to accomplish. Land reform, franchise, pensions—all hang in the balance. Never stood statesman in a position of graver responsibility. Will Mr. Asquith rise to the occasion?

Apropos the time-limit, one practical illustration is worth a thousand arguments. The War Office recently owned the "Coach and Horses" inn at Portsmouth. They put it up for sale, with a reserve price of £10,000, and Sir William Dupree bought it—assuming, as he was justified in assuming, that the Government would not sell him a property at a high monopoly price unless they recognised its monopoly value as a marketable asset. Then, immediately after the completion of the purchase, came the Licensing Bill, under which poor Sir William is informed that what he had just purchased would be taken away from him in fourteen years' time. He protests that had he been aware of this intention on the part of the Government, he would never have given such a price for the property; and he further points out that even if he sets aside the whole of the profits of the business for the next fourteen years it will be impossible to provide a fund sufficient to redeem the value of the licence. Who will deny that he has a just cause of complaint? And how can we expect the private trader to act straight in his dealings with this Government example before his eyes? Don't the temperance merchants see what they are doing for the Liberal party?

What changes time does bring about, to be sure! It seems but as yesterday that our honourable and noble friend, Sir T. P. Whittaker, was a member of our Ministry in the Clapham Parliament—our Chancellor of the Exchequer, if we remember rightly. We do not think he was *quite* such an ardent temperance reformer in those days, or *quite* such an orthodox financier, as he now is. For don't we seem to remember him as Editor of the *Daily Oracle*, run by Barker's Bank, with their 8 per cent. deposit accounts, and proprietors of "Dirty Dick's" public-house? Still, we always liked him, and we like him still. After all, as "temperance reformers" go, he's quite a decent chap. And he knows how many beans make six.

We note that Sir George Lewis, who has the deep secrets of half the British aristocracy in keeping, thinks that our little Bill for the reform of the Law of Divorce does not go far enough. This surprises us not a little, for most people seem to think it goes rather too far. Sir George advocates that divorce should be granted (1) for cruelty endangering life, (2) for a desertion over two years, (3) for misconduct of an aggravated nature, (4) for conviction and sentence to five years' penal servitude, and (5) for incurable insanity. There is much to be said in favour of 1, 2, and 3. But one must go warily, for there is a vast deal of social and religious prejudice to overcome. To many people the sanctity of marriage is a fetish, especially to those who have not suffered from the bondage of a union with felons and lunatics. That there is not and cannot be any sanctity in such marriages does not occur to them. "Whom God has joined let no man put asunder" is for ever on their tongues as an unctuous phrase which stands for final and irrevocable judgment in the matter. But the law has already swept aside that priest-made decree in every civilised country in the world. Married to one who becomes a lunatic or a felon you are married for ever. The bondage is a chain of steel. You may be judicially separated from your wife or your husband, yet the marriage, existing only in name, chains up two unhappy lives till death cries "Finis" to the tragedy. It is all terribly unjust and terribly wrong; and though Mr. Asquith declines to grant facilities for the discussion of the Bill we have presented to the House of Commons for the removal of the more glaring and the more pressing injustices of the marriage law, we have nevertheless not lost hope that means may be found of pressing it forward in the moral and social interests of the nation.

As on previous occasions, Lord Avebury's Bill for Sunday Closing has gone by the board in the House of Lords on second reading. It has never got any forrarder than that, and it certainly will not get any forrarder this year. The Government have raised the hornets about their ears with their own bitter beer Bill, and they have not any stomach at present for stirring up Lord Avebury's wasps' nest. They will spend days and nights in discussing licensing proposals which the country as a whole certainly does not want, and in the end the Bill will go up to the Lords to be chucked out with ignominy and derision. Then the Bill will be swept into a corner with the Scottish Land Bill and others, and the constituencies will be invited to "down with the House of Lords." We have nothing to say against the policy of "filling up the cup," for it seems to be the only thing that can be done when the Liberals are in power; but it is obvious that if the policy is to be effective the cup must be filled with the right vintage, and not with a shake-up of all the bad, middling, and good elements of the mixed wine-vat. The Government may offer the goblet to the constituencies as precious nectar, but it does not follow that many people will drink it. More probably it will be spilled into the gutters.

The Salvation Army have on their hands a gentleman who it is hoped will do them credit. By name Bill Crowther, he has done altogether sixteen years in gaol. A few days before his release he sought a higher glory by climbing to the top of a crane in the quarries of Portland prison and staying there for two hours; then, numbed and helpless with cold, he had to be let down by ropes. Afterwards he climbed a chimney by way of celebrating his forthcoming release, and not until the guards had played the fire-hose on him for an hour would he consent to set his feet on terra-firma. Now, however, Bill appears to have been redeemed, and the Salvation Army are going to give him a chance of leading a more honest if less adventurous life. Bill is a painter's labourer, and not a professional steeplejack; wherefore it is assumed that the Army will try to find him a job painting sky signs.

Apropos the attention at present being directed to the inflammatory tone of certain sections of the Press in regard to foreign affairs, it is well to bear in mind that not a few of the letters purporting to come from foreign correspondents are simply journalistic fakes—manipulated by men sitting in easy-chairs with slippered feet, somewhere near Kensington or Maida Vale, who pretend to have information from privileged sources, and put on such colour as will be acceptable to the papers for which they prostitute their pens. That some of our leading dailies should pay for such stuff is surprising, but so it is, and so it will continue to be so long as such pabulum finds favour in certain clubs and circles of society.

But a more serious matter in this connection should be brought to the notice of the chiefs of the departments of the Foreign Office. It is the practice of a few of the subordinates who have access to reports and documents to seize on a few points and elaborate them into a letter from "Our Own Correspondent," or weave round them an article from "An Expert," or from "One Who Knows." This is a growing practice in several of our Government offices, as is well known in Fleet Street; but since *The Journalist* ceased to exist, there is no organ in which to ventilate pressmen's grievances. Possibly the publicity now given to the subject will serve as a warning to a few of the well-paid gentlemen who relieve the tedium of short office hours in literary pursuits of the kind we have mentioned.

The remarks of some of our judges, magistrates, and coroners provide splendid "texts" for the Socialists. A pensioner who died the other day in Bethnal Green had been twenty-one years in the Army, twelve of them in India, and had one shilling a day. He had been in feeble health and unable to work, his rent was two shillings, leaving five shillings to live on per week. A witness had the temerity to express the opinion that the old soldier could not get much steak out of that, to which the coroner crushingly retorted that "a good many people live on less." Did he mean a living death? For food, clothing, light, coal, medicine, and extras, five shillings per week! How much "less" in the experience of the coroner could it be done upon?

By the death of Benjamin Waugh the children have lost a friend who never failed them in their need. He founded the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and for many years was its director. He was the Society. It was his enthusiasm, his energy, his vigour, his heart, and his mind which kept it going through the days when even the magistrates regarded it askance. No doubt he and his officers were at times open to criticism in respect of methods. In some cases their zeal outran their discretion! But it can nevertheless be said that Benjamin Waugh did a magnificent work in the rescue of the children from the brutes, and those of us who love children will not grudge him a wreath of forget-me-nots for his grave.

We recall an amusing story of his meeting with Huxley. They were on the London School Board together, and Waugh acknowledged that his having fallen in with Huxley was "one of the many fortunate circumstances of his life." The great biologist, who had just published his slashing attack in the *Nineteenth Century* on miracles, with special reference to the remarkable swine of Gadara, met Waugh at Eastbourne. "Well, Waugh," greeted Huxley, "I see you are still busy about your babies." "Yes," responded Waugh, "and I see you are still busy with your pigs."

We recently suggested to His Majesty the Czar that peradventure he would see his way to commute the

death sentence passed by the Russian court-martial on General Stoessel. Taking our weighty suggestion in the spirit in which it was written, His Majesty has signified his wish and decree accordingly. May we now further suggest to His Majesty that he will presently inquire into the condition of General Stoessel's health, and find in it a sufficient reason to discharge him with a caution? May we also respectfully ask His Majesty whether Admiral Alexeieff is still at large, and, if so, why? Not barring even Rhodjestvensky, who engaged in battle the Hull steam trawlers while they were pursuing their peaceful avocation of catching fish, Alexeieff was the most almighty blunderer, blusterer, and bunkum-monger of the whole Russian campaign on land or sea. That he was recalled we know; that anything else happened to him eludes our memory, except that when last heard of he was living on his means and was quite well as it leaves us at present.

According to the manager of the wine and spirit department of a London stores, if a person drinks three glasses of pot-still whisky he may complain the next morning that his stomach is upset. By-and-by, no doubt, the manager of some other wine and spirit stores will arrive to inform the Royal Commission that if a person drinks three glasses of patent still whisky he may complain of his legs being upset. Possibly it all depends on how much you can take and what you are used to; if you are an amateur and drink pot still you call in the doctor, and if you are an amateur and drink patent still you may be called in by the policeman on the beat. Without pressing the Commission to hurry unduly over their decision, we suggest that every known or unknown brand of real or alleged whisky should have the recipe carefully labelled on the bottle, also the dosage and the times thereof. If this were done we should all know which physician's prescription we were getting, how many spoonfuls it would be safe to take before, during, and after meals, and whether to shake the bottle before taking. What the public want to identify for regular use is the whisky they can take the most of at the lowest price with the least possible disturbance of head, stomach, and legs—and the maximum of exhilaration; and the business of the Commission should be to see that they get it.

The Government analyses of beverages approved by the strictly teetotal will probably open the eyes of the Blue Ribbon Army, Bands of Hope, and other temperance organisations, to the growing evils of the ginger-beer traffic. It is unnecessary to detail the analyses, but it may be mentioned that while ginger-beer, vintage 1904, contained 8.3 per cent. of alcohol, and ginger-beer, vintage 1905, contained 9.5 per cent. of alcohol, herb beer and dandelion stout often contain a percentage of alcohol varying from 10.5 to 12.3 per cent. In other words, these alleged teetotal beverages are no more teetotal than claret or hock, half-and-half, or creamy London stout, and a pint of most of them is as shocking as half-a-pint of champagne. There is practically no such thing as teetotalism in this country apart from the free flowing water-tap and the innocuous pump.

We do not understand upon what principle the Excise authorities go in dealing with liquor, if they tax an avowedly intoxicant commodity, and allow a more potent brew to go free under another name. Surely the nomenclature is only a side issue, otherwise it would be easy to rechristen whisky as lemonade or brandy as ginger wine. That the name has a good deal to do with the popularity of a beverage, and indeed of most other things, is undoubted. We sometimes relate a little episode in our own experience. Some friends visited us in the country, and, when lunch time came, we discovered that they were all teetotalers. However, we proposed a compromise, and suggested that they would probably have no objection to drinking cider cup. They looked somewhat doubtful, but it was a very hot day, and they resigned themselves. Now, our idea of making cider cup is to infuse it with a fair supply of brandy. On this occasion, instead of adding a tumblerful, we poured in a whole bottle. The beauty of cider cup is that, whatever you add to it, it still tastes as harmless as a sucking dove. We had the pleasure of seeing full justice done to our brew. Cup after cup was quaffed, faces grew redder and redder, voices became huskier and huskier. The teetotalers enjoyed themselves thoroughly, vowed they had never had such a good time in their lives, went away laughing and merry—and, we believe, lived happily ever after.

Speaking of drink, we read that the sales of the champagne growers are decreasing so rapidly that no fewer than twenty-three firms have under consideration a proposal to reduce the price of their brands thirty per cent. From the view point of the wine growers the position is undoubtedly serious. Take the January shipping orders as an example; they fell from 115,000 to 53,000 gallons. We have heard that nobody, except a millionaire or a fool, drinks champagne. However that may be, it is undoubtedly true that, being regarded as a rich man's beverage, the wine is maintained by the ring of growers and shippers at rich man's prices, which represent profits out of all proportion to the actual cost of production and the interest on cellared capital. Champagne being essentially the wine of joy, when the well-to-do man finds it necessary to economise it is one of the first luxuries to go. It can never be as cheap as beer or whisky, even though it be made of the minimum of grapes and the maximum of rhubarb. On the other hand, the prices at present charged are exorbitant. Even when the growers knock off thirty per cent. they will be a long way from the workhouse. Buying champagne, in fact, is like buying pictures—you pay a lot for the name.

It is a long time since we have heard anything of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Now, however, he has begun a series of articles about Canada, entitled "Letters to the Family." They seem to have some connection with a steamship line, for we notice in the same issue of the *Morning Post* an advertisement which begins "Travel by Canadian Pacific. The way that Kipling went." The first letter is headed with the usual scrap of doggerel in italics. We have failed to discover any meaning in an enquiry about a lamp which "equal Time," whatever that may mean, "hath shovelled 'neath the wrack of Greece and Rome." It is certainly a novel idea to use a shovel for the conveyance of a lamp, but no doubt Mr. Kipling's admirers will discern much beauty and vigour in the thought. They may even find some meaning in the words "age—encamped Oblivion tenteth every light that shone." We may be very unpoetical, but we confess that we cannot picture to ourselves Oblivion conducting this surgical operation upon a light. Other admirers may even defend the rhyming of fire with sepulchre, for there is probably no limit to their enthusiasm.

After confusing our minds with this gibberish, Mr. Kipling romances about "the cross between canker and blight that has settled on England for the last couple of years." This disaster, of course, like bad harvests and dear bread, is due to our wicked Government. Unlike most of his friends, who are always pretending that it secured its majority by false pretences, he admits frankly that "these men were always perfectly explicit as to their emotions and intentions." After a silly sneer about free food and free love, we are treated to a no less foolish reference to Canada as "our Elder Sister." We knew that extreme imperialists

were always endeavouring to glorify colonies at the expense of the mother-country, but we did not imagine that anyone would ever be quite insane enough to claim for them a greater antiquity. If the words Elder Sister have any meaning at all, they imply that Canada was born first and we suppose that, according to Kipling, she must have colonised Great Britain. All his conversations, we are informed, ended with the conclusion that the English are mad. No doubt Mr. Kipling is an authority on the subject, but his insults will scarcely commend themselves to true patriots. Nor does it seem wise, in the interests of family feeling, to tell us so much about the contempt of Canadians for the mother-country, or about what Canada will do when she has cut us adrift. By the way, what on earth are gadgets?

A correspondent sends us a cutting from the *Harrow Observer* accusing us of "true Little England unctuousness" for our postcard to the Headmaster of Harrow. This is the first time we have ever been called unctuous, but modesty prevents us from saying whether the charge is justified. As for the reference to Little England proclivities, we are not quite sure what is meant by the phrase. But if we are charged with a lack of patriotism, we will content ourselves by pointing out that, though we disbelieve in wasting money upon unnecessary monuments, our protest was only directed against that vicarious generosity which consists in extorting subscriptions from other people.

A newspaper has been exciting itself unduly about the legal aspect of itself when left alone in a railway carriage. Is it or is it not to be regarded as lost property, and, if so, ought it to be conveyed to the nearest police station? Of course, as a Scotland Yard inspector remarked, it is impossible to draw a line between what should be regarded as property and what as rubbish; and a newspaper left behind by a passenger might be of the greatest value to him. As a matter of fact, however, it appears that stray newspapers are collected and sold as waste-paper, the proceeds going to some charity. We should have thought that a better plan would have been to send them to hospitals or workhouses so that they might be of some service to somebody. In that case they could still be sold as waste-paper after they were done with.

It appears that some busybodies have been collecting a sum of money to commemorate the existence of the alleged William Shakespeare. Now the puzzle is, what to do with it. One proposal is to add another effigy to the unsightly collection which now disfigures London. On the other hand, a mummer proposes that it should be devoted to the erection of another playhouse, to gratify the vanity of the more blatant members of his profession. A better idea is that of the *Academy*, which thinks "the money would be better spent, perhaps, in paying Mr. Tree never to produce Shakespeare again." Seriously, most sensible people are growing tired of the multiplication of memorials which serve neither a useful nor even an æsthetic purpose. The latest outrage of this kind was a proposal to commemorate the writings of Ouida, the outrage consisting in the fact that the proposal came from the very paper which harried the unfortunate lady with offensive sensations on her death-bed. The plain facts are that modern memorials are intended to celebrate the greatness of dead heroes less than the generosity of their intrusive admirers.

The latest idea is to build artificial mountains in the neighbourhood of Paris so as to introduce Swiss scenery and diversions at the very gates of the French capital. We hope that this kind of thing will not be imitated too slavishly or too lavishly, otherwise we shall probably find cardboard sunrises provided in the Alps after breakfast for people who are not strong enough to rise early; an artificial seaside with mixed bathing in the London suburbs at the expense of the ratepayers; or a big game reserve in the wilds of the New Forest. At this rate, the charms of travel will soon be taken away, and the reign of Brummagem imitation will be complete. The mania for national and international exhibitions is no doubt responsible for this tendency. When the worst types of foreign people, characteristics and amusements are brought over, there is no temptation to make the effort of going to explore the genuine article. Besides which, the most fantastic errors are propagated.

The ways of the Press are sometimes devious. Dealing with the Peckham election, a daily contemporary printed a photograph with the following legend (we use the word legend advisedly): "This picture is almost too pathetic to print. It shows the harassed and heckled Dr. Macnamara impotently imploring the voters of Peckham to throw up their hands for Mr. Gautrey. Note the lone hand held up. It is marked with a cross." The picture may or may not be pathetic, but it certainly contrasts strangely with a photograph in another daily, apparently representing the same scene a few moments later. Then practically every hand is held up, and the utmost enthusiasm prevails. It is a pity to be in too great a hurry even in attempting to make political capital out of snapshots.

The death of Sir Nicholas O'Conor removes a kind, genial gentleman, who was by no means a great diplomatist, but enjoyed much personal popularity wherever he went. He had all the ready wit of an Irishman, and never spared himself to do a good turn to a friend or to help a lame dog over a stile. At various times in his career he enjoyed ample opportunities of adventure. In Mexico, for instance, he was once accosted by a brigand, who raised his hat and inquired with charming courtesy, "Has your Excellency money?" Knowing the custom of the country, Sir Nicholas placed his hand in his pocket apparently in search of a purse, but contrived to find a revolver instead. When the Bulgarian Throne became vacant he was away in England getting married, and had to hurry back very suddenly. The railway to Sofia was then incomplete, and he had to drive all the way thither from the Bulgarian border with his bride at a time when the country was, to say the least, unsettled. When they reached the capital they found most of the houses shut up, and the streets occupied by troops; it had the appearance of being in a state of siege, and offered anything but a pleasant welcome to honeymooners. But although very generous and the soul of hospitality, as one would expect from an Irishman, he was not without a few traits which are more commonly associated with North Britain. A Turkish Minister is fond of relating how he called upon Sir Nicholas one day, and found him busily engaged in the unusual occupation of counting matches. The Ambassador looked up and said, "It is astonishing what rascals the shopkeepers are here. This is the fifteenth box I have counted, and not one of them contains the full hundred." It will be interesting to see who will be appointed as his successor. We should like to see the job offered to Sir Arthur Nicolson, who is one of the most successful of our modern diplomatists. In any case it is to be hoped that no one will dream of appointing another permanent official. One Lord Currie is enough to last us for a very long time.

The other day we suggested, apropos certain recent events, that our readers should enter a little competition as to which of them could best hoax the Press. It has now been pointed out to us by the Association of Newspaper Proprietors that such a scheme might entail a great deal of trouble and annoyance to our contemporaries, and in deference to their views, we have decided to withdraw it.

Thanks to the first congress of the French Milk Industry and Dairy Produce Societies, we shall know in future what a fresh egg is when we see it. It has been moved, seconded, supported by over 200 delegates, and carried *nem. con.*, that "a fresh egg is an egg which on being tested is found not to have suffered in any way from evaporation and which shows no trace of decomposition." Whether this definition is one which would have the approval of a congress of 200 hens is, perhaps, difficult to determine. In any case, the test seems to be the essence of the definition. The way most people test an egg is to boil it, cut off the top with a knife, dip a spoon into it, and eat thereof; if it is fresh it is lovely, and if it is only rather fresh it is horrid. On purchasing an egg you cannot well ask the vendor whether it is one which has suffered in any way from evaporation and shows a trace of decomposition; he would probably tell you that the profits on eggs are insufficient to provide for the maintenance of a chemical laboratory. Still, there is the clear definition, and all our readers have to do is to find the egg. It need not be said that they have our best wishes for success. There is no doubt that these scientific congresses do a lot of good.

Evidently the Queen was not greatly concerned whether the two-of-whisky which she bought at the Union Jack Club on St. Patrick's Day was pot still or patent still; at any rate, the veracious reporter does not reveal that Her Majesty made inquiries as to its being which, either, or a blend of both. Not only she, but the Dowager Empress of Russia and Princess Victoria took their twopenn'orth away with them in sealed vessels, having previously paid their money and obtained a receipt for the same. It would be rather interesting to know what they did with the noggins when they got them home. We are not curious enough to guess, and not sufficiently gifted to divine; but no doubt the flavour was irreproachable. It is good to know that Her Majesty is not above having her little practical joke in the presence of our soldiers and sailors, though the joke would have been still better if she had emptied the noggin instanter in pledge of their very good health. Gentlemen, "The Queen. God bless her."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers we will upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of February 8th and February 15th:—

Mr. TOM PERKINS, 16, Cheddar Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham (No. 51211).
Mr. E. T. SYKES, West View Terrace, Cleckheaton (No. 10045).
Mr. HERBERT H. TRUSSLER, 1, Rosemary Villas, Carnarvon Road, South Woodford, Essex (No. 45059).
Mr. ALBERT E. BOTTOMLEY, 87, Arnold Road, Philip Lane, Tottenham, N. (No. 84626).
Mr. CHARLES SYMONS, 6, Patna Place, Plymouth (No. 96806).
Mr. W. W. JONES, 7, Whitehall Gardens, Westminster, S.W. (No. 87308).
Mr. JOHN F. GIBBS, 22, Cicada Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W. (No. 81844).

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of FEBRUARY 22ND:—

92; 191; 2840; 3554; 4321; 5377; 4474; 11961; 12075; 13916; 16344; 19343; 21801; 22565; 26577; 28310; 29292; 35518; 35982; 37787; 39232; 44292; 45079; 54746; 55849; 56669; 59866; 64721; 64772; 66698; 69114; 70801; 70985; 71941; 72101; 72660; 76883; 77750; 78285; 81691; 83161; 84872; 86999; 88420; 92850; 95887; 100850; 100858; 108034; 108171.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MAY 2ND (PUBLISHED APRIL 30TH).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating on a Tuesday that a young woman "died yesterday morning at Lansdowne Road Railway Station on Sunday evening,"
THE *DUBLIN EVENING TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the black cap was then placed on the head of the prisoner, and the sentence of death was passed,"
THE *SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a passenger train ran into a coal train a little to the east of Woodhouse and was conveyed immediately to the hospital, where it is hoped that he may recover, though it is believed that his legs were broken as the result of his being buried beneath a mass of debris,"
THE *BRISTOL EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For writing to the Barnstaple Guardians in reply to a demand for a contribution towards the support of his children, "Would you kindly let me know how many children I have in the workhouse?"
GEORGE DODD, of Abergwynfi,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the REFEREE *that in bringing in the Licensing Bill the Government was "yielding to the pressure brought upon it by Radical Clubs,"*
"DAGONET"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising, "Buy your horsehair direct from the makers,"
MESSRS. BAEDER, ADAMSON & CO., 11a, Finsbury Square, London, E.C.,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For depicting in its cartoon a brewer's drayman offering an old woman, labelled "Tory Party," a cheque for £7 1, while the accompanying letterpress states the amount to be "seventy guineas,"
THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a boy's voice broke at the age of 7, that he attended a hospital for two years, and is now a basso of 8,
LLOYD'S NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that at a fashionable Dundee Catholic gathering "Miss Lena M'Lean was daintily trimmed with real Maltese lace,"
THE *CATHOLIC HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that "the Marseillaise and other Welsh airs were played at Cardiff,"
THE *SOUTH WALES ARGUS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "examination made during the height of the Manchester Motor Show revealed the fact that, of 545 tyres fitted by exhibitors, 255 (considerably more than half) were Dunlops,"
THE *FINANCIAL NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For issuing a poster announcing a ball with "dress optional,"
THE COMMITTEE OF THE ST. PATRICK'S BALL AT WALTON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Earl Beauchamp attended Mr. Hugh Wyndham's wedding "in dove-grey velvet and ermine and wearing a clematis-blue hat finished with a fancy plume,"
THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "laying massive cockerels,"
THE *POULTRY WORLD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Civil Service Waste and Incompetence,—V.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

I cannot do better this week than reproduce some of the many letters which my articles have brought in. Here is one :—

"I wish you could have been in the office on Thursday and heard the comments on 'Civil Service Waste,' etc. 'Good old John,' 'I hope to goodness he sees it through,' 'Just what was wanted,' 'Good luck to him,' and so on. And these comments were not all from disappointed youths who have failed to pass for Second Division clerks, and who will have to leave on reaching the maximum age of 20. Some came from conscientious men who haven't the strength to attempt to break through the wrought-iron web of conventionality. See the insipid young men strolling in at 10 past 10 in the morning, but dashing out at 5 to 5 in the evening, glad to get away from the monotony of a do-nothing day.

"Here is a delightful sample of saving time, or is it on account of undecipherable writing? Bell rings—messenger goes to indicated room. 'Tell Miss—— I want her.' Messenger goes to typist's room—'Miss——, Mr.——requires you.' Typist proceeds to Mr. ——, takes down dictated letter, goes back to room, types letter, rings bell, messenger appears. 'Take this to Mr. ——.' Messenger takes it; officer checks it, altering a word here and there, and THEN it is sent to the correspondence section to be typed as a letter. How many letters could an officer, provided he wrote a legible hand, prepare in the time the above rigmarole is going on?

"I have known an officer send for a previous file to look up a precedent. Unable to read the writing, he has sent it to the typing room to have the portion he couldn't understand typed. And these officers are drawing huge salaries from a patient tax-paying public, and making extra work because of their ugly writing. Save five millions—my dear John, you could save ten, if you could only rouse the public to a sense of how they are being fleeced. Already an improvement is noticeable in the way the work is being hustled, but why is it necessary to keep sending work to and fro between officers just because a question out of the ordinary run has been submitted?"

And here is another :—

"I can thoroughly endorse every word of your correspondent on 'Civil Service Waste.' He, undoubtedly, writes from experience, but there are one or two points he doesn't mention that I would like to bring to your notice. One is, the terrible waste of stationery. The amount of waste that is cleared out of the rooms every night is something shameful. Some officers are very careful, others are just the reverse. Especially is this the case with Minute paper. Some query is started, a mistake is made, and away it goes into the waste-paper basket. I don't imply that such waste is intentional; it's the rank carelessness, and the utter indifference, that allows it to go on, and has allowed it to go on for years, that arouses one's indignation. I have seen typists spread out half-a-dozen Minute sheets for a tablecloth when having their three o'clock cup of tea. In some cases they have hardly been soiled, but away they've been swept into the paper basket. And the hundreds of forms that are annually wasted is disgraceful. Thousands of forms are ordered and printed that are never used. They lie about until they become obsolete or filthily dirty, and are then thrown away. Why should it be necessary for van-loads of waste paper to be carted away from Government offices? Why are huge salaries paid to heads of departments if they neglect their duty in not supervising these matters? Well might your correspondent speak of a 'powerful, strong-willed giant.'

"Pay a surprise visit to Gwydyr House, St. Stephen's House, Great George Street, or Princes Street, and see the utter confusion of some of the rooms. No system; no tidiness; but a delightful chaos of here, there, and everywhere, or, should I say, anywhere. Occasionally, you come across an officer who keeps his room clear of papers, which leads one to surmise he has no boys, for the ordinary Civil servant looks on the service as a special sanctum sanctorum wherein to place his sons. It, therefore, devolves upon him, as a duty, to delay and accumulate as much work as possible, with a view to increasing the already overwhelming numbers of the Civil Service staff."

And here is an interesting and instructive letter from another member of the Board's staff :—

"I doubt whether John Bull has ever been bought and read so much at the Board of Education as it has to-day. It's simply been the one topic of conversation. 'A damned piece of impertinence,' Mr. Eaton was overheard to remark, and each eyes the other with suspicion. They're on tenterhooks as to which will be the next case to be shown up, and I hope you will go straight ahead and let the public see what its hard-earned taxes are being used for.

"Once a code or syllabus is got out, it should be so prepared that very little alteration should be needed for years. But, of course, in that case the staff would have to be reduced, and so such things are got out with a view to their requiring alteration every twelve months or so, which accounts for so many large Committees being required. Oh, there's no doubt you could cut down expenses, and the public, even as it is, ought to bless you for showing up such abuses.

"Look at the number of boy clerks, starting at 15s. a week, you'll find learning how to become a loafer at the public expense. And the supercilious airs they put on would lead one to believe that they were the mainstay of the Government. And there they hang on till they're 20, when if they have failed to pass for a Second Division clerk, they are hustled off into the cold bleak world to look for WORK. Though, why they're required to pass such stiff examinations I can't imagine, for their intellect is never likely to be taxed to any very great extent, barristers being employed to keep them in the right track.

"Then take inspectors, with their big salaries. They can hardly go outside the door but what they must have a cab, 'bus, or train, and, every week a bill is rendered in the form of a diary, which with the great number of inspectors employed must tot up to a tidy sum. And so one could go on pointing out what a glorious life these public servants lead, the majority of whom write a hand that must sometimes puzzle themselves to read."

Another correspondent calls my attention to the waste of public money upon a two-sheet circular, of which 2,000 copies were distributed, lithographed on best official paper, about a Golf Club.

Another complains that whilst salaries of the higher staff are being constantly increased and all kinds of comforts provided for it, the members of the lower staff are left utterly neglected, and he adds, "Committees of Enquiry are no good, because the staff of the lower order are never asked questions and are not allowed to speak."

A "Boy Clerk," who describes himself as "one of the thousands who are chucked out when they attain the age of 20," tells me that if I want to save on the Estimates I must "do it by decreasing the Assistant Secretaries and enlarging the junior staff." I suppose he is an authority on the point.

"A Temporary Messenger" puts in a word for his class. Many of them, he says, are old soldiers—pensioned and otherwise—and they receive less than a scavenger's wage, with no prospect of advancement.

I hope to have an opportunity of raising the whole question of Civil Service Waste on the motion to go into Committee of Supply.

We have received a letter from Messrs. Leathley and Willes, of 59, Lincoln's Inn Fields, with reference to a paragraph in "Letter Bag" in our issue of March 14th, in answer to G. A. H., which says that the Homes for Destitute Children, of 165, Church Street, Lower Edmonton, are apparently a branch of a similarly named charity carried on in the Harrow Road. Whilst thanking us on behalf of their client for our "kindly appreciation of the Homes under his management," Messrs. Leathley and Willes also desire to say on his behalf that "there is not, and never has been, any connection whatever between the Homes for Destitute Children at 165, Church Street, Lower Edmonton, carried on by Mr. Innes-Brown, and the Incorporated Society of the Crusade of Rescue and Homes for Destitute Catholic Children under the control of the Rev. E. Bans.

ADMIRALS WHO ADVERTISE.

WHAT THEY SAY IN WEYMOUTH.

By Blue Water.

The lower deck man in the Navy is not a politician, nor is he an alarmist. Probably there is no town in England where the recent Naval scares have been taken more calmly than in Weymouth, the virtual headquarters of the Channel Fleet. Somehow or other, the men have got the idea that though Ministers and Sea Lords may come and go, though Navy Leagues may wax and wane, though economists may weep and scaremongers tear their hair, the Navy will still go on. If the lower deck does discuss the matter at all, the keynote of what it has to say is generally a scornful indignation against the amateur critics who, instead of allowing the service to get on with its serious work, drag it into politics, to the obvious delight of our possible enemies.

The Beresford-Scott incident is, of course, of more interest in Weymouth, for the famous signal was actually made in Portland Harbour; but you will not find either a pro-Beresford or pro-Scott party in the Fleet. Ask any man you meet which of the Admirals was in the right, and he will say there is nothing to choose between them. They are newspaper sailors, he will tell you, experts in the art of self-advertisement, and then he will go on to talk of "Tug" Wilson, who, officially, is Sir Arthur Wilson, the late Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet. Every discussion brings up "Tug" Wilson's name, and the ears of his successors must burn when they hear the comparisons which are made. The men like Beresford well enough as a peace Admiral, a fair-weather commander, for he gives much shore leave and is very careful to remember that when he stands for Parliament again, he may need the votes of some of those now under his command; but no one appears anxious to serve under him in time of war, though with "Tug" Wilson as its chief the Fleet would go out to meet any enemy with the absolute certainty of victory. The man's prestige is marvellous, and when he dies he will become a kind of solar myth, the ideal of a Naval commander.

"'Tug' Wilson would make rings round both Scott and Beresford" is a phrase you hear every day in Weymouth. "Tug" Wilson is a sailorman right through. He never founded a league or wrote to the papers, or cherished Parliamentary ambitions. He was supremely indifferent as to whether the public ever heard of him or not. His business was to command the Channel Fleet, not to figure in the contents bills of the evening papers. He had one thing to do, and he did it supremely well, and found his reward in the respect of the men whose opinions were worth having.

They tell many queer stories in Weymouth of the grim old sailor, who hated women, and who never spoke to anyone, except on naval matters, not because he was unsociable, but because the Fleet was the only thing that mattered in his estimation.

Lord Charles Beresford has an official yacht and does everything in fitting state. "Tug" Wilson lived on his flagship, and took his recreation in the form of long country walks with a perspiring flag lieutenant trailing along in his wake.

The Navy does not like to see its officers figuring in the papers. There is a very general feeling that a real commander, a man who gave his mind to his work, would have no time for posing as a wronged hero. Moreover, the honour of the service is very dear to the Fleet, and no sane man ever suggested that the Navy gained in dignity by having its dirty linen washed in public. The good men do not rush into print, or get their friends to do it for them. The respect of the service is sufficient reward for them, and they know that when war comes they can hold their own and give the nation value for the money it has spent. But amongst the poorer type of men there is a growing disposition to regard the Navy as a ladder to notoriety, and they find, unfortunately, that, however weak they may be at their profession, they can get on, provided they have a sufficient lack of self-respect, and an able advertising agent.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA? See page 293.

A Sample

A sample "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, sufficient for 50 shaves, will be sent post free on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

The "ERASMIC" lather is most pleasant to apply; it is so pure, fragrant, and soothing to the skin, and DOES NOT DRY ON THE FACE. "Erasmic" is used by all discriminating shavers, who naturally prefer The British and Best article.

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BOVRIL REPELS
INFLUENZA

THE PARSON AND THE "PUB."

LIST OF CLERICAL SHAREHOLDERS.—III.

We give below a further instalment of the names and addresses of reverend holders of stock in Brewery and allied compauies:—

Spiers and Pond, Ltd.	
Adam, Rev. Henry T., 5, Corkicle, Whitehaven	27
Atkinson, Rev. Jas., 5, West Drive, Queen's Pk., Brighton	6
Baker, Rev. Samuel H., Barham House, Leamington ..	20
Belcher, Rev. R. H., LL.D., St. Michael's Rectory, Lewes	23
Bingham, Rev. Wm. P. S., Vicarage, Kenton, nr. Exeter..	10
Bond, Rev. J. E. G., South Newton Vic., Salisbury, Wilts	15
Browne, Rev. J. C., D.D., Univ. Union Soc., Cambridge	10
Burn, Rev. J. W., Carleton, Avenue, Surbiton	2
Cankwell, Rev. H., Miningsby Rec., Revesby, Boston, Lincs	10
Capes, Rev. Wm. Wolfe, The Mount, nr. W. Malling, Kent	7
Cattley, Rev. A., Repton, Burton-on-Trent	30
Chambers, Rev. A., Glendale, W. Side, Wandsworth Com.	10
Chapman, Rev. Wm. J., Eldene, Sandhurst Rd., Tun. Wells	10
Charles, Rev. A. W., Dromore, Lickey Hills, Rednal, Worcs.	20
Clapp, Rev. Wm. J., Ashley Rec., nr. Stockbridge, Hants.	200
Colson, Rev. Fras. T., St. John's Vicarage, Reading.....	8
Cook, Rev. P. S., Vicarage, Michaelchurch, Hereford ..	7
Corbet, Rev. R. W., Norham Lodge, Fyfield Rd., Oxford	10
Cotton, Rev. E. B., Crondall Vic., Farnham, Surrey.. ..	9
Courtenay, Rev. T. P., Shaugh Prior Vic., Roborough, Devon	4
Coward, Rev. John H., 86, St. George's Sq., S.W... ..	10
Crawford, Rev. C. W. P., East Court, E. Grinstead, Sussex	10
Creswell, Rev. S. F., Northrepps Rectory, Norwich.. ..	17
Cross, Rev. A., St. Peter's Rectory, Bedford	7
Dickinson, Rev. G. C., Londesboro' Lodge, Worcester Pk.	35
Dopping, Rev. F. H., 13, Vesey Place, Kingstown	5
Dorling, Rev. E. E., Barcombe Vic., Salisbury..	15
Doudney, Rev. D. A., Halford Rectory, Faringdon.. ..	12
Douglas, Rev. Jas. W., Buraledon House, Dawlish.. ..	18
Douglas, Hon. Rev. Henry, St. Paul's Vic., Worcester ..	18
Fletcher, Rev. G. R. J., The Presbytery, Northfleet, Kent	10
Fox, Rev. Jno. Kirkham, 1, Albert Grove, Southsea ..	7
Gay, Rev. William, Findon, Banister Rd., Southampton	20
Glover, Rev. Fred. A., Witherne Rec., Alford, Lincs. ..	12
Goodacre, Rev. A. R., 31, Beaconsfield Villas, Brighton	10
Harvey, Rev. Canon C. F., The Sanctuary, Probus, Cornwall	80
Havergal, Rev. Ernest, Hampton Vicarage, Evesham..	20
Haworth, Rev. Jas. S., Eirianfa, Llangollen, N. Wales..	27
Hedges, Rev. Ernest, Coxwold, Easingwold	8
James, Rev. Jas. T., Valley End Vic., Chobham, Woking	11
Jennings, Rev. A. C., King's Stanley Rectory, Glos.	6
Jones, Rev. A. J. H., W. Bergholt Rectory, Colchester..	6
Little, Rev. Thos. W., Rectory, Sampford Courtenay, D'von	18
Lloyd, Rev. Thos. H., Llansansffraid Vic., Oswestry, Wales	5
Lovelace, Rev. Thos. D., The Vicarage, Hellingly, Sussex	5
Luck, Very Rev. Canon T., St. Mary's, Steventon, Berks.	15
Marshall, Rev. T. L., Percy Lodge, Sidmouth	10
Massey, Rev. Thos. H., Farringdon Rec., Alton, Hants.	50
May, Rev. Ernest Horatio, Parwich, Ashbourne .. .	15
May, Rev. John C., M.A., St. Briavel's Vic., Coleford, Glos.	5
Meade-King, Rev. F., Stoke Courcy Vic., Bridgwater ..	18
Moore, Rev. David K., Dudley House, Anlaby Rd., Hull	7
Morgan, Rev. E. A., All Souls' Vic., St. Margaret's	1
Mules, Rev. F. H., Wake Hill, Ilminster, Somerset.. ..	6
Myers, Rev. John B., Clarendon Rd., Watford, Herts ..	30
Norton, Rev. D. E., Maperton Rec., Wincanton, Somerset	29
Ogden, Rev. R. T., Sommerfield House, Elstree, Herts...	26
Oldfield, Rev. A. E., St. Mary Magdalen Vic., Chiswick..	10
O'Neill, Rev. Worship B., Woodford, Loughrea, Co. Galway	5
Pattrick, Rev. J. B., 360, Brixton Road, S.W.	20
Peile, Rev. Walter D., Exalls, Horsell, Surrey..	23
Pixell, Rev. C. H. V., St. Faith's Vic., S. Newington, N...	50
Ruddle, Rev. Chas. S., Durrington Rectory, Salisbury..	20
Seed, Rev. Wm., Vicarage, Goxhill, Lincs., via Hull ..	10
Shea, Rev. R. T., Little Wakering Vic., Rochford, Essex	8
Shuffrey, Rev. Wm. A., Arncliffe Vic., Skipton	8
Sneyd, Rev. R. H., Earsham Rec., Bungay, Suffolk ..	3
Swainson, Rev. J. G., Wistanstow Rec., Craven Arms, Shps.	60
Tuck, Rev. A. J., Great Munden Rectory, Ware	70
Ward, Rev. C. H. H., Granby, Warren Rd., Reigate.. ..	5
Webster, Rev. Geo. A., St. Osyth Vic., nr. Colchester, Essex	5
Westmacott, Rev. Walter, Vicarage, St. German's, C'nwall	5
Whaley, Rev. Christopher, Askrigg, R.S.O., Yorks. ..	15
White, Rev. Chas. N. E., Rampton Rectory, Cambs. ..	20
Wigan, Rev. P. F., Puckrup Hall, Tewkesbury	45
Wilkinson, Rev. W. H., Kensingham Vicarage, Whitehaven	6
Wilts, Rev. F. E. B., Upp. Slaughter Manor, Bourton, Glos.	20
Winton, Rev. L. H., 33, Marlow Bldgs., Shoreditch ..	8
Wood, Rev. William, 7, Ashgrove, Bradford	3
Wright, Rev. W. T., Eastleach Rectory, Lechlade, Glos.	10
Preston's Liverpool Distillery Co., Ltd.	*Ord.*
Colbran, Rev. Martin, Islandeady, Castlebar, Co. Mayo ..	2
Charles Kinloch and Co., Ltd.	
Roe, Rev. S. H., Rectory, St. Michael, Pen Keniel, Cornwall	12
	Pt. Full.
Crown Brewing Co., Ltd.	*Pd. Pd.*
Freeborn, Rev. Albert, Kidlington Vicarage, Oxford..	27 55
Howard, Rev. Francis J., 83, London Road, Reading.. ..	478

"ANSWERS TO PRAYER."

By an Old Schoolmaster.

In my young days—I am now well past 60—I was, for a few weeks every year brought in close contact with a class of Religionists, now probably growing scarcer year by year. Perhaps religionists of all classes (I use the term intentionally as distinct from religious people) are growing scarcer; let us hope the same may not be truthfully said of religious people. The class I speak of was to be met with (I have so met with it in three widely-separated parts of the country) always in close dependence on some wealthy "personage" of rather extreme Protestant views, and usually of a disposition inclined to the dominant, not to say domineering. There was always, among the following, a strong, loud-voiced claim to "Unsectarianism," whatever they meant by it. They were in each case professing members of the Church of England.

In the first case, the village church had been built by the dominant "Personage," the living was in his gift, and the vicar just what was to be expected under the circumstances.

In the second case, the rector was a wealthy gentleman, strong, determined, but eminently sensible, while the "Personage" was a lady of equally high character and quality. They remained friendly and did good works together, though the rector was not one of her following, and by no means of her opinion in matters concerning her special views.

In the third case, the "Personage" was distributed over the county, and the active person was a vicar's wife who "worked" the distributed "Personage" by means of circular letters. I have been a long time coming to my point, but here it is.

In all these cases, "answers to prayer" was a strong point in the creed current among the rank and file of the "following.

In each set, during my acqraintance with it, "answers to prayer" were more than once announced among the faithful.

In each case, the "answer to prayer" was a money present from the "Personage" to a member of the circle.

In each case the recipient was helped to do something she was very determined to do but could not pay for, or helped out of a money difficulty she had wilfully brought on herself. In these three experiences, it was always "she," but I have known it to be "he."

In each case, the "prayer" had been well backed up by an industriously published announcement of the desire of the recipient to take part in the "good work"—always a "*good work*," in which the "Personage" was at the time keenly interested.

In writing these things I run risk of being accused of blasphemous irreligion. The accusation will be untrue and unjust. I know that real prayer is answered as it deserves. The blasphemy and irreligion lie with the workers of the oracles, and the blame of them, to some extent, I fear, with those who, being wealthy and devout, have not learnt sufficiently to distinguish between God's will and their own.

As for the above-mentioned instances being "answers to prayer," why, so are the gifts sent by generous or idle people in reply to begging letter writers.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

To Users of Fluid Beef and Meat Extracts.

We invite the readers of John Bull to test for themselves the advantages of the new preparation for making Beef Tea, Gravies, Soups, etc., called Fluid Ju-Vis. Fluid Ju-Vis is Beef strengthened and vastly improved in flavour by the addition of Vegetable Extract. Fluid Ju-Vis is *solely* a Beef and Vegetable product and contains no adulterant whatever. In Fluid Ju-Vis you get about double the usual quantity for the same money and we are satisfied that you will decide that it is at least equal in quality and flavour to any Extract you have used. Send to your grocer for a 6½d. bottle to-day.

FREE SAMPLE.

If any difficulty in obtaining Fluid Ju-Vis, write us for a Free Sample. A Postcard will do. Sufficient will be sent (absolutely free) to enable you to prove its exceptional quality for yourself. G. Foster Clark and Co. (Dept. 43), Maidstone.—[Advt.]

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"How to Read Literature." By Laurie Magnus, M.A. (London: Routledge.)

If this book has really been accepted for the use of schools, I do not wonder at the general ignorance now prevalent in the matter of English literature. To begin with, it is written in a style which will probably convey no meaning whatever to the ignorant, while the statements it contains can only arouse the derision of more advanced students. The author begins with a frantic effort to connect literature, civilisation and prosperity. "The importance of literature," he says, "as a civilising force is axiomatic; it is to be taken, as the phrase goes, 'for granted.'" Again, "the value of a nation's literature, as measured by the standard of human progress, rises and falls according to the assent or decline of the fortunes of the nation." I believe it would be almost as reasonable to argue that, because British general elections have usually coincided with good vintage years, therefore politics are potent in ripening the grape. In some cases no doubt a number of great writers have succeeded in conferring the appearance of greatness upon a country or an epoch. But even that is not a universal rule. For instance, no amount of literary triumphs could ever have magnified the parochial politics of Italian republics or retrieved the degeneracy of England wher she had sunk into the position of a mere appanage of Hanover. Nor can I agree that martial triumphs beget golden ages of literature. Mr. Magnus supports his theory by the statement that "a literary harvest followed Marathon; there was a harvest of Elizabethan literature; there was another English harvest after the victory of Waterloo." No doubt people have more time and inclination for reading during piping times of peace—indeed, I understand that publishers were very unhappy all through the Boer war—but there is neither argument nor proof to persuade us that national anxieties inspire the style or imagination of writers. At any rate, no great literary outburst followed the struggle in South Africa.

Mr. Magnus is no less feeble and futile in particular as in general criticisms. He tells us that Chaucer "began that work of the consecration of the commonplace which is the true function of poets." Most of us cherish the idea that the provinces of poetry are fancy and variety and melody, everything commonplace being far outside its borders. At other times we are treated to pages of padding, which read like the raw material for a child's guide to knowledge. Thus:

> Henry VII. died in 1509. To him succeeded his second son, King Henry VIII., who reigned till 1547. His great Chancellor was Wolsey. He built the "Henry Grace de Dieu," the biggest ship then afloat. He pulled down the smaller monasteries, and printed the Bible in English. He met Francis of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He exchanged Wolsey for Cranmer, and Catherine of Aragon for Anne Boleyn.

Further on, Henry is described as "more regal than kingly," which I venture to submit is meaningless nonsense. Shakespeare and Milton, at any rate, used the adjectives indifferently to convey precisely the same thought. Surely, also, it was unnecessary to tell us that "unlike her many-wived father, Elizabeth was a virgin queen." Whether she was or not, we scarcely require to be told that Henry was not a queen or that Elizabeth was not many-wived. And surely it was equally unnecessary to draw elaborate distinctions between the style of Bacon and that of such pigmies as Pater and Arthur Balfour. Nor can I extract the smallest grain of sense from the following characteristic observation:

> Bacon dips his pen in the waters of mundane experience and brings it up dripping with human wisdom, thus reversing, if the simile be allowed, the process of Christian baptism.

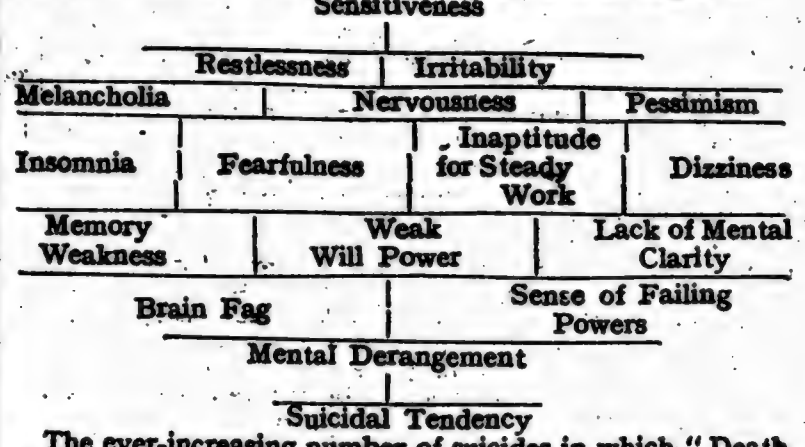
I do not think we need much further witness, but as Mr. Magnus has set up to teach us "how to read English literature," I venture to suggest to him that he would have done well to begin by mastering the simplest elements of English grammar. Then we should have been spared the annoyance of reading such statements as that Sir Philip Sidney "was not merely a writer *nor* a patron of books." It would interest me to hear from schoolmasters who have adopted this volume as a text-book whether they have found it contributory to the literary education of their pupils

THE "20th CENTURY DISEASE" AND ITS STRANGE SYMPTOMS.

Pope's Physician congratulates Discoverer of Antidote.

Dr. A. Kühner, the well-known German nerve specialist, has just written a remarkable treatise on the subject of the disease that bids fair to be known as "The Twentieth Century Disease."

Beginning with the apparently trivial symptomatic condition of "sensitiveness," or "nervousness" (or "touchiness," as the victim's candid friends may describe it), the disease may, if neglected, or encouraged in its development, progress through some of the following serious stages:—



The ever-increasing number of suicides in which "Death from unknown causes" is the common but enigmatical verdict, is proof of the diabolically stealthy progress of this disease.

Happily, medical skill has already found its antidote for "Nervous Asthenia," or "Neurasthenia." Dr. Kühner generously pays tribute in his treatise to its discovery by a professional confrere, a Dr. Karl Hartmann, whose discovery bears the appropriate name of "Antineurasthin."

The most extraordinary testimony as to the value of the discovery is already being published in the medical and public Press.

His Holiness the Pope's Physician-in-Ordinary, Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, of Rome, writes:—

"I made trials in my private practice of 'Antineurasthin,' and shall prescribe it henceforward, as it is an admirable agent for toning and strengthening the nervous system. I take the liberty of congratulating you on your discovery."

Introduction of Discovery into England.

The success of "Antineurasthin" as the antidote to nervous asthenia is based on Dr. Hartmann's discovery of the importance of the brain and spinal marrow as the central station of the nervous system. Dr. Hartmann has shown that nervousness, nervous debility, neurasthenia, &c., do not represent conditions of debility of the nerve fibres themselves, but of the brain and spinal marrow. In further explanation of the wonderful effect of "Antineurasthin," it may be pointed out that it is not a drug, but the brain and nerve substance-forming essentials of certain selected foods.

Dr. Hartmann's discovery is one that should personally and very deeply interest brain-workers in all walks of life. Every day are heard and seen all too serious evidences of the undue strain of their intense work on the vital powers of the body. And now, on the highest possible authority, it is heralded that science has proved equal to the stern necessity which demanded the discovery of "Antineurasthin"—the brain and nerve food.

For greater convenience "Antineurasthin" is compressed into small tablets, and although its beneficial effect on the brain and senses is so immediate, yet there is none of the depressing reaction that follows the administration of artificial drug "stimulants," "Antineurasthin" being a special brain and nerve nutrient, and not a brain and nerve drug irritant.

Space does not allow further information respecting this marvellous 20th-century brain and nerve food discovery, but readers may like to know that they may obtain a copy of Dr. Kühner's remarkable treatise as well as a trial supply of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin," by merely making written application therefor to the Antineurasthin Co., 41, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C. Two penny stamps should be enclosed for postage.—Advt.]

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE COMPULSORY REGISTRATION OF TITLES TO LAND.

Whenever the House of Commons has a grievance before it, it brings in a Bill to establish fresh officials. New jobs are thereupon ready for distribution, and the solution is thought to be beyond criticism. A great many industries have been ruined in this way, as it is next to impossible to displace officials when once created. One of the worst examples is the British Merchant Service, which has been seriously damaged by the incessant supervision of the Board of Trade. Only one obvious official remains to be created—and that is an Official Co-Respondent. Such a public servant would solve any number of collusive tangles and personal unpleasantnesses in the Divorce Court. His duties, would, of course, apart from the legal fiction involved, be purely Platonic, and his fees might be regulated on a basis of 5 per cent. of all damages (if any) assessed and on all costs incurred.

In 1897 a system of compulsory registration was inaugurated for land in London by the London County Council against the wishes of their constituents. About that time the salaries of the department amounted to £7,308; in 1905 they amounted to £39,599, but that does not represent the total expenditure. The Council's steamboats cost London ratepayers £50,000 per annum; their Registry Office now costs them £60,000 per annum. For the year 1905–6 the Registry expenses exceeded the receipts by £7,080.

This compulsory system does not prevent fraud; it tends to facilitate it, as Mr. Justice Warrington pointed out in the case of the *Attorney-General* v. *Odell*, 1906, 2 Ch. 47. It cannot be relied upon to give particulars of incumbrances such as succession duty, estate duty, land tax, tithe, rights of way and of light, leases and tenancies not exceeding 21 years. Even when a vendor has what is called an absolute title, the purchaser must search outside the Register to find the boundaries of the land he is buying. In addition to that, he is bound to investigate a number of filed documents of a technical character that no one but a lawyer can understand. The Building Societies have absolutely declined to use the Registry forms, and, unlike the general public, are now allowed to use their own forms. The Select Committee on the Housing of the Working Classes, in their Report issued in December, 1906, said: "The mere possessory title now given by the Registry is a useless additional expense to the ordinary conveyance, bringing with it no real security of title." Even stronger criticisms have been expressed by the Temperance Building Society, the Co-operative Building Society, and the Woolwich Equitable Society. The Building Societies' Association have advised all Building Societies "to oppose any attempt to bring their districts under the operation of the Land Transfer Act, 1897."

Dealings in registered land have gradually fallen. A well-known land society gave up acquiring a particular estate on being informed that the estate was registered with an absolute title.

The system of compulsory registration was avowedly experimental, but the above facts and all criticisms based thereon have been systematically ignored. In June, 1902, the Corporation of London petitioned for the withdrawal of the system from the City. In November, 1902, resolutions calling for a public inquiry were unanimously passed at a public meeting at the Guildhall, London. In June, 1903, a petition to the same effect was presented to Parliament by 18 Metropolitan Boroughs, representing a total population of 2,673,948 and a total rateable value of £19,835,710. Between July and October, 1906, resolutions were passed by numerous representative bodies and public authorities in London in favour of revoking the order for compulsory registration. The only reply of the authorities has been to make such registration compulsory all over England in the case of small holdings acquired under the Small Holdings Act, 1907—of course at the public expense. The not infrequent mistakes of the Registry involve not the Registry, but the Londoner in expense, as when the Church Army was mulcted in £195 costs for rectifying a mistake of the Registrar in 1904.

Of European countries which present conditions comparable with those of England, only Germany, Austro-Hungary and part of Switzerland have adopted a system of registration of title.

THE LATE MR. HERRING'S ESTATE.

The Courts will have under their consideration this week two important points bearing upon the administration of this estate. It may be remembered that the late Mr. Herring left the residue of his estate, understood to represent a very large sum, to the Salvation Army, of which he was a convinced and generous supporter in his lifetime. The executors of the estate, who are four in number, namely, the Honourable Sidney Holland, Mr. Seaton Taylor, Mr. Henry Herring, and Mrs. Murray, or rather three of them, desire the direction of the Court before carrying out the terms of the will in so far as they relate to the Salvation Army. There would, however, seem to have been some friction between the executors and General Booth, inasmuch as General Booth has appealed to the Courts.

In addition to the question whether the terms of the will are to be immediately acted upon in so far as they relate to the Salvation Army, there is a dispute between the executors themselves as to certain plate belonging to Sir John Hay Currie. This plate was held for a time by Mr. Herring at the disposal of Sir John Hay Currie, but that gentleman not having availed himself of the right to take it back within that time (twelve months), it remained with Mr. Herring, and most of it was in use in his household at the time of his death. The executors, or rather the majority of them, have restored this plate to Sir John Hay Currie in disregard of the protest of the fourth executor, and the second matter to be brought before the Court this week is whether in the opinion of the Court the course they have taken is the correct one.

A CASE FOR ENQUIRY.

W. Squires, of 1, West Street, Stratford, writes to us to complain of the conviction of his brother Henry Squires, who was sentenced at the Old Bailey for breaking and entering and stealing boots from a Stratford tradesman. He says it is a miscarriage of justice. It would seem that the case was tried before Judge Lumley Smith, and that Squires, with another man named Leitch, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. Squires's brother tells us that Henry Squires was convicted on the evidence of two witnesses who contradicted each other, whereas six men are prepared to swear that the accused could not have taken part in the breaking and entering as charged. William Squires is prepared to swear that his brother Henry arrived home on the night in question at 10.45 p.m., and did not leave the house again that night, the allegation of the prosecution being that the breaking and entering took place between 11 and 11.30 p.m. James Squires is prepared to swear that he was with the accused at the Theatre Royal during the evening, and saw him enter his home at 10.45 p.m. that night. Albert Squires is prepared to swear that he was with the other accused man, Letch, until 11 p.m. on the night in question, and left him at that hour, arriving home about 11.20, when he found his brother, the accused, in bed—whilst the man charged with Squires, and sentenced with him, Charles Letch, is prepared to swear that he was not with Squires at any time on the night in question, and that Squires had nothing to do with the robbery, of which he alone was guilty. These statements are certainly of a kind to render further investigation into the matter desirable, and we suggest to our correspondent that he should put them before his local Member of Parliament, and ask him to make inquiry as to the whole matter, so that a wrong may be righted, if wrong has been committed.

ORF!

I'm orf!
Orf w'ere there ain't no Druce!
Fer the very larst, larst word
On this case 'ath not bin 'eard,
An' they say it will go on
Till nobody 'ath won,
With a mountin' bill o' cost
Till everyone 'ath lost;
I'm sick—I tell yer strite—
Of Druce from morn to night,
Druce! Druce! Druce!
'Tain't no use
Persuadin' me to stay;
Wotever they may say—
I'm orf!

Kennington Cross.

THE REAL UNEMPLOYED.

By T. Good.

Some remarkable fallacies are in circulation concerning the unemployed. Until these fallacies are cleared up, no practical solution of the problem, and no real remedy for the evils due to unemployment, can be applied. That the old political parties should be imperfectly acquainted with the real character and conditions of the victims of modern industrialism is not to be wondered at, but that the new Labour Party should be so ignorant of this great labour question, as is evidenced by their Unemployed Workmen Bill, is astounding.

In the first place, this problem of unemployment is much more serious than is generally recognised by those who have not special knowledge of unskilled and casual labour. Secondly, the problem is not exactly the kind of problem which most reformers imagine it to be. Thirdly, the remedies commonly suggested would not benefit the real unemployed. Those who wish to legislate on this problem would do well to get down to the bed-rock facts of the case before they seek to involve the nation in costly and artificial experiments.

It should be noted that our official returns relating to unemployment do not faithfully represent the state of the labour market. This market is divided, roughly, into two sections—the skilled and the unskilled. We have official accounts of few workers except those in the skilled section of the market, and not of the whole even of them. Whatever may be the percentage of trade-unionists unemployed, as recorded in the *Labour Gazette*, that of non-unionists unemployed must be much larger. I write from practical experience, and I do not exaggerate when I say that on any ordinary morning, at the gates of our industrial establishments, for every skilled trade-unionist seeking work there can be found a score of unskilled and unorganised men.

It is frequently contended that the local "distress committees" have gained a great deal of knowledge, recently, concerning the unemployed problem, and there is a disposition to base legislation on that knowledge. Herein lies danger. With very few exceptions, the distress committees never see the real unemployed. The regular applicants for relief, public and private, those who make a show of their wretchedness, those who demonstrate and beg, are very seldom the deserving unemployed. The charity-seekers are seldom the work-seekers. The real and self-respecting unemployed keep in the background—they hide their poverty—and look for work on their own account. The *bonâ fide* workman, when idle, will sell his furniture, pawn his clothing, or deprive himself of food until he can find employment—he will do anything rather than appear before a committee of strangers, and answer a hundred and one questions. Besides, a man who accepts relief or relief work loses caste among his fellows.

Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the misconception that exists regarding this problem of unemployment than the fact that farm colonies and such like schemes are seriously suggested as remedies. To make these successful, regular labour is needed, whereas the problem of the unemployed is a problem of irregular labour—of men who, when they are dismissed or suspended, do not know how long they will be idle. If the *bonâ fide* workman knew that he was going to be "out" a month, or three months, he might accept any kind of relief work; but he does not know how soon he may find employment again, and it is this uncertainty as to how long he may be idle that must render well-nigh useless most of the fantastic schemes put forward by those who have not been unemployed themselves.

Social reformers who tackle this problem seem to think that the unemployed army is a fixed and regular quantity, always composed of the same men, or they would certainly not suggest such remedies as they do. From what these well-meaning reformers say, and write, and propose, it is evident that they imagine that the men who are out of work to-day are the same men, in all cases, who will be unemployed to-morrow, next week, next month, next year, *ad infinitum*. Such an idea is absolutely mistaken. Even the Labour Party, who ought to be intimately acquainted with the conditions and needs of the workers, have drafted an Unemployed Workmen Bill on the wrong lines altogether. The sponsors of this Bill say, let us "take a census of the unemployed," "organise the unemployed," "register and classify" them. This is quite impracticable. We might deal in this manner with the Wont-Works, but the Want-Works will not parade themselves before the authorities and submit to the elaborate registration and classification suggested—they prefer to suffer in silence and secrecy until they can find legitimate employment. What is needed in the case of *bonâ fide* workmen temporarily suspended is unemployed aliment to keep them from actual starvation, just as they receive "sick pay" when ill, if they are members of some friendly society. We don't want any pauperisation schemes run at great public cost; we don't want to take men out of the natural labour market. Leave the workers free to seek employment on their own account, but insure them against hunger.

We have an excellent object-lesson provided by some of the trade-unions which grant "out-of-work pay" to their members when unemployed. The trade-unionist seldom becomes physically inefficient through lack of nourishment, seldom starves his children, seldom becomes a vagrant.

THE LICENSING BILL.

By A Publican.

The unfairness of this Bill becomes all the more apparent when one is made aware of its topsy-turvy nature. The basis on which compensation is awarded takes no account of the financial interest the licensee has at stake; in fact, the more valuable the holding, the more viciously does he get hit, inasmuch as the same award is made in the case of a house held on a weekly tenancy (the least desirable form of holding), where the tenant has only a very small amount of cash at stake, as would be made if the licensee were also the freeholder, with thousands of pounds invested in the business. In my own particular case, which I take the liberty of mentioning only because it is typical of thousands of others, I have a 60 years' lease at £140 ground rent, and have invested in the purchase thereof some thousands of pounds of my own capital. The house of which I have the honour to be the licensee has been in existence for a hundred years without a single complaint of any sort; further, it has only been in the market once, and that was when I bought it. There have been changes, owing to deaths, and in each case the State has not forgotten to rake in the full amount of duties, assessed on the assumption that the licence was a valuable asset.

And now comes the Confiscation Bill, which peremptorily gives me 14 years' notice to quit. At the end of that period, should I be one of the unfortunate survivors, my licence is taken away without any compensation of any sort or kind, while I shall still be liable to the freeholder for the ground rent of £140 per annum for the unexpired term of 46 years. Local option is foreshadowed; should it be decided that the area is to be a "dry" one, I am in a nice position surely with a long lease hanging round my neck, and premises that are of no earthly use for anything but a licensed house. But on the other hand, should it be decided to retain the licences in the district, I should be graciously permitted to buy back my own property, if I had sufficient capital to make a higher bid than anybody else!

The supporters of this Bill tell me that in lieu of compensation they have given me 14 years in which to build up a sinking fund. Do these people know anything about the principal and interest table? It is just as possible to compress the liabilities attached to a 60 years' lease into a 14 years' time limit as it is to compress a gallon of liquid into a pint pot. And in the meantime I am compelled to contribute annually to the compensation fund without deriving the slightest benefit therefrom.

With regard to the 32,000 licences which are to be taken away during the 14 years, naturally and rightly the houses which will be closed first are the least desirable ones, the smaller beer shops, etc.; they get a certain sum, which, by a misuse of terms, is called "compensation," leaving only the most desirable and best-conducted houses at the expiry of the time limit, when *they* get *their* licences taken away without any compensation at all!

And after all this dislocation of a great industry, this gigantic wiping out of capital, will the cause of temperance be advanced? Not one jot. Not one single drunkard will be reformed. Put a man to a little trouble to get a drink, and he will have two or three, while he is about it, instead of one. And grocers' licences, off licences, and clubs, etc., will flourish exceedingly!

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister.

My dear Sir Henry,—It must be a great satisfaction to you on your sick bed to reflect that you have the sincere sympathy of every man and woman in the country without distinction of party. It is not given to many men to take a prominent part in politics without offending some susceptibilities and arousing some animosities, whose bitterness survives even personal misfortunes and personal charm. I am sure that there is no other statesman in England or elsewhere who has contrived to arouse so great a respect and so general an affection in so short a space of time. It is not very long ago that your opponents held you up to execration and contempt. Now they vie with one another in paying tributes to your high qualities. To paraphrase an old Latin saying, you will be remembered as the man whose unfitness for the Premiership would have been generally recognised if you had never been Premier. And your triumph has been a purely personal one. The very people who sing your praises are as bitter as ever against your Government. They have been compelled to acknowledge your many good qualities. Your unflagging good humour, your geniality, your pretty wit, your courtesy, your tact, your courage in illness and bereavement have won all our hearts. We feel a personal sorrow now that sickness has laid you low, and we wait for news of your improvement with all the anxiety which we should lavish upon a dear friend or relation. Indeed, I can assure you that if, as we all fervently hope, you are spared to return to your post, you will be welcomed back with an outburst of genuine enthusiasm such as has rarely been aroused by any of the most famous heroes in our history. Only one word more: Get well soon, and God bless you.

John Bull.

To Comrade Keir Hardie, M.P.

Sir,—I duly note your arrival in England after an absence of eighteen months and a journey of thirty thousand miles. I am glad also to hear that your health is improved, and trust I can say the same of your language, which, as a rule, is pepper in exordium and mustard in peroration. You are to have a Labour Party dinner in your honour at the House of Commons, and on this occasion I am sure your colleagues will not stint you of either compliments or beef. The Sunday following the Only Shaw is to speak at a Welcome Home to you. None of these things do I grudge; least of all do I grudge you Shaw. I am sure he will not fail you. But he may eclipse you, for wherever there is a chance of advertising, Shaw is in the front seat.

By the way, about that candidature of yours for the Rectorship of Glasgow University—how am I to take it? I suppose it was Shaw who put you up to the joke, for you are seldom a humourist when on your own lonesome, you know. I see your Liberal opponent is the Premier, and your Tory opponent is Lord Curzon. You don't expect to get in, of course, and the members of the University know you will get out. Still, it is not a bad joke, as far as it goes. But the point I put to you is, whether it has not gone far enough. However, enjoy yourself in your own way. Life is a jest, and all things show it; we live but once, and then we blow it.

John Bull.

To George Bernard Shaw.

Dear Comrade,—I perceive that you are proposing to disturb the peace of the Home Secretary in respect to the unfortunate organ-grinder. I say unfortunate, because I do not for one moment believe that any man who could get another job would elect to lug a heavy piano-organ about the streets in all weathers, for the extremely uncertain revenue it is said to produce. Your grievance is that the street musician is "a serious hindrance to the work of the professional classes"—which means, I take it, G.B.S.—but you do not seem to have considered that he is also a solid source of enjoyment to the working classes, to whom—as any organist will tell you—he looks for the greater part of his income. I am not a Socialist, but I am of opinion that the working class has as much right to consideration as the professional class. Anyone who has ever watched a group of poor children dancing to the music of a barrel-organ should be able to realise what it means to them, and for a man who prates of all men being equal to deprive the poor of even a small joy because it occasions him some inconvenience, almost makes me think that Socialism must be another name for Selfishness. If you can't practice what you preach why not preach what you practice? After all, the world is a small place, and it is difficult to move about without jostling someone. I have heard that there are people—misguided, of course—who object quite strongly to a certain G.B.S., but I have not yet learned of any movement to suppress him. Let the organ-grinder alone; you really can't be the only man to make a noise in the world, you know.

John Bull.

To Messrs. William Philpot and Henry Drew, Burglars, Woolwich.

Gentlemen—I see that your distinguished and enterprising firm has been attracting the attention of the police. In a general way advertising is a good thing, but in your case it's only an immediate decrease of business. You should not advertise at all. In burgling everything depends on secrecy.

You, Bill, are the head of the firm, and aged sixteen. You, Henry, are the junior partner, aged fifteen. Both of you appear to have attained your present eminence as a result of studying the literature of your country. The books which have made you are penny bloods of the deepest dye, and they have led you on through four burglaries from height to height—from six-feet walls to water-pipes, from window-ledges to skylights and from skylights to Newington Sessions. In the day you "earned good money at the Arsenal"; in the late evenings you utilised your knowledge of literature as an inspiration for your studies in architecture. This, gentlemen, is what has led to the dissolution of partnership and a compulsory realisation of assets for the benefit of your creditors. How much they will get; or how much you will get, is not for me to say. I can only recommend you to mercy, hoping that the assurance of the Court missionary that the firm was of "irreproachable character" before it became absorbed in "Deadwood Dick" and other educational treatises will receive adequate weight from the authorities.

John Bull.

To F. J. Campbell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.G.S., Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood.

Sir,—I have been reading Mr. Theodore Dahle's illustrated article in the *Sunday Chronicle* on the splendid work you have been doing for thirty years or more at the Normal College for the Blind, and I feel I must send you a line or two to tell you that the total of your achievement deserves all the honour your adopted countrymen can give you.

I believe there is such a thing in this country as an Order of Merit. As yet it does not appear to have come your way; but, perhaps, when the politicians have time to turn from their political squabbles, and estimate all that you have done, and continue to do, to make the blind young men and women of England self-reliant and self-supporting, able to take their share of the world's work as those who have the inestimable gift of sight, they will remember you are still among us, though untrumpeted from the housetops.

But for you, blind from childhood, the Normal College, with its many-sided activities, would have been but a vision in a dream. You shouldered the burden and the responsibility. You have fought prejudice and ignorance. You have shown what the blind can do as musicians, piano tuners, business men, typists, and shorthand writers. You have trained them in athletics, and made their feet swift and sure along the paths they tread through everlasting night. You have given them nerve, and courage, and grit, and the longing to be free from the taint of uselessness. You have done more, perhaps, than any other living man to take the tin alms-box from their necks, and cut the string that made them dependant on the dogs which led them.

This is a great work and a noble one, and if my wealthy countrymen knew all that you are doing in those far-stretching grounds on the hill at Norwood, they would do more than they do now to assist the Normal College in its beneficent mission. It is not pity you seek for your blind; not pity you need. You want practical public sympathy and practical public interest in the work being done behind those red walls. I understand that the gates are open to those who care to see the blind as wonder-workers within. May you have many years of vigorous life before you, and may the Normal College under your enthusiastic and energetic guidance more and more stimulate Englishmen everywhere to practical recognition of your high service for the nation and for humanity.

John Bull.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 293.

Mr, Asquith: WHAT HAVE I DONE?

IN THE CITY.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER v. "JOHN BULL."

This libel action, which has been pending for some time past, has been fixed for trial (subject to any part-heard case) for Tuesday next. It is an action, our readers will remember, brought by Messrs. Arnold and Butler, of 124, Holborn, who describe themselves as "Stock and Share Dealers and General Bankers," in respect of an alleged libel published by us on October 13th, 1906, warning our readers against having anything to do with them. The defendants are Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and Messrs. Odhams, Ltd., our printers. It is understood that Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., Mr. H. E. Duke, K.C., and Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., have been retained for the plaintiffs. Mr. Bottomley will conduct his own case, whilst Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., and Mr. H. Nield, M.P., will represent Messrs. Odhams, Ltd.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED.

Some Questions.

We have received the following letter from a well-informed shareholder of this company. It deserves attention from his fellow shareholders:—

After shaking hands with myself on receiving what struck me as an excellent balance sheet from Lever Bros., your "bolt from the blue" causes a cold chill.

I have examined the various items, and should like more light (or "Sunlight") on one or two of them. First, as to the cash at bank, £139,471. This looks such a huge sum that shareholders may be excused for regarding it as excessive, but, as you say, the half-yearly dividends would have to be posted the very same day. You say the amount required is some £150,000, but after checking the figures in the hope of finding you wrong, I very much fear your estimate is too favourable.

There is a new and curiously-worded entry on the credit side of the balance sheet, "By interim dividends paid and items written off below," £225,816. The total sum to credit of Profit and Loss is given as £405,331. Does not this mean that the difference between these two items, viz., £179,515, must then have been due for payment, although according to the balance sheet the cash at bank was less than £140,000?

If the increased capital is being used to purchase sound assets, there may not be anything very serious in this cash at bank item, but this question must be considered in conjunction with the extraordinary statement of Mr. Lever with regard to the English Associated Companies at the shareholders' meeting. No doubt some hundreds of thousands of pounds have been added to the capital liability of Lever Bros., Ltd., by the purchase of the businesses of Hodgson and Simpson and the Vinolia Co. These were both going concerns at the time of purchase, and as Vinolia was a limited company we know that concern had been making fair profits and regularly paying dividends, yet Mr. Lever told the shareholders that he had not had these businesses sufficiently long to make them a source of revenue! I think Mr. Lever ought to tell the shareholders, whose money he has used in acquiring the properties—

(*a*) Whether these businesses were revenue producing at the time they were purchased, and, if so, how he accounts for the unsatisfactory state of affairs now they are under his control.

(*b*) If they were *not* revenue producing at the time of purchase, how he justifies the purchase of such "white elephants," and the expenditure of probably a quarter of a million sterling thereon.

(*c*) As some £125,000 of Lever Bros. Preference Shares were issued to the old Vinolia Preference Shareholders, in exchange for Vinolia shares to a like amount, to say nothing of the sum paid for the £125,000 ordinary shares in the Vinolia Company, how does he justify the appearance of these items as an asset in the balance sheet at their face value or at cost, when the works have all been shut up, and the trade gone to such an extent as to produce no revenue?

On the face of it some explanation appears to be called for.

Assuming your estimate of these properties not being worth more than one-third of the cost to be correct, are the Directors wise in distributing the whole of the reduced profits, £148,000 of which go to the single holder of the ordinary shares? It must be remembered that not one penny of unappropriated profit is carried forward to the current year, while during the last three years, the ridiculously small sum of £8,220 only has been added to the reserve fund (an average of £2,740 per annum) in a company with a capital of 4¼ millions paid up.

If your article serves to check such unproductive purchases in future, or to make investors a little more cautious as to how they allow their money to be used, I am sure we shall owe a debt of gratitude to your wideawake City Editor.

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC TRADING COMPANY.

Subscriptions to be Returned.

In our last issue we directed attention to this company, and we advised those of our readers who had applied for shares to cancel their applications before allotments were made. We advised this course on the ground that there was no probability that the company would ever earn dividends. It was formed to work guano deposits in the islands of Nightingale, Inaccessible, and Gough, in the South Atlantic, and to carry on a seal fishery. We said that the guano has little or no commercial value, that even if it had such value, the islands are so situated that it could only be shipped at great cost; and that, as for the seals, they were not included in the licence given to the vendor, Mr. Kerry, and, even if they were covered by the new one granted to the company, the seals in these waters have been practically exterminated.

We understand that the directors have had these and similar representations before them, and that they have decided to return the money subscribed by the public.

We are told that the directors have not abandoned the hope of working the guano deposits in the islands named, but before they go further, and ask the public for fresh support, they propose to send out a commission to ascertain the facts as to the guano deposits and the seal fishing. They will make arrangements for bringing home samples of the guano taken, not merely from a cave or two, but from the open, and until they are satisfied that the guano represented by these samples is commercially valuable, they will mark time.

In this connection we have received a letter from Captain Augustus Kent, who was in command of the "Pandora" when she went to Inaccessible with the object of getting samples for the purpose of analysis. Captain Kent tells us that the schooner only touched at one island, namely, Inaccessible. "Of this," he writes, "I am in my mind certain that the guano, without being made," by which we presume he means doctored, "is no use." Moreover, he says that "the islands are covered with tussock grass, so that any deposits would be difficult to collect." And as to the difficulties of loading, he writes: "Landing and loading are almost impossible."

THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

"John Bull" Justified.

With reference to our article on this subject in our issue of March 14th, Mr. Percy H. Sainsbury writes to us to complain that we referred to Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. as the auditors of the society, whereas, in fact, Colonel Webb and Mr. Sainsbury, of Cooper, Wintle, Sainsbury and Co., 42, Poultry, E.C., remain, as they have been for many years, the society's auditors. We should have said that Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. were the auditors selected for the special work of making a report upon the present position of the society, and if our omitting to make this plain has caused Colonel Webb and Mr. Sainsbury any annoyance we regret it.

Mr. Sainsbury directs our attention to the fact that "Messrs. Deloitte have not a word to say against the accounts or the auditors, and, in fact, the shareholders only complain of the management, and not the accounts." We have never suggested the contrary.

For the rest, it is pleasant to us to know that the shareholders have followed our advice, and declined to re-elect the chairman and two of his colleagues. The vacancies are to be filled by Sir George French, who, with Admiral Churchill, has led the opposition, Sir Frederick Fryer, and Colonel Phillips, M.P., and these three gentlemen are to nominate a fourth. Five of the old directors still remain. We trust that the new blood introduced will be sufficient, but we regret that Sir George French, who presided at the meeting, and presumably will be chairman of the Board, left it to the meeting to say if a dividend shall be paid. The report, as drawn up by the old Board, recommended a 5 per cent. dividend, but no provision is made in the year's accounts for depreciation of leasehold properties, no addition is made to the Reserve Fund, no allowance is made for the heavy loss occasioned in Australia by defalcations, and the auditors very properly advised that the dividend should be passed. Under these circumstances we are surprised that Sir George French did not advise the passing of the dividend instead of leaving the decision to shareholders, who always vote for dividend when it is to be got. On this occasion they compromised, and voted

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themselves 2½ per cent. instead of the 5 per cent. recommended by the old Board. Sir George must keep a stiffer upper lip if he is to put things straight.

THE "FINANCIAL EXPERT" ONCE MORE.

The following is amongst the latest of the absurdities with which the *Daily Mail* indicates its contempt for the intelligence of its readers. It is taken from what purports to be an interview with a "financial expert"—surely not friend Duguid? According to this gentleman we are going to the Devil headlong, and he gives the following instance of the panic created by the doings of the Government.

> "The leisure class with incomes in so many instances derived from investment are compelled to economise. For instance, a bequest of £8,000, invested in 1893 in road transit, is to-day worth only £3,500, and yet the shares are yielding no dividend."

Apparently, the idea is that the "leisure class" cannot afford to take a 'bus nowadays, and so 'bus shares are giving no yield. Was there ever greater balderdash? Has the man never heard of electric traction, and the competition that has come of it?

SIR JAMES LAING AND SONS, LTD.

Mr. George Denton, of Worcester Terrace, Sunderland, writes to us with reference to the liquidation of this firm, and the statements published by us in our issue of February 29 respecting the incompetence of officials connected with it. Mr. Denton says that, so far as the ship repairing department is concerned, it has "always given large clear profits annually," and as he has been engaged with the firm for about thirty-five years, principally in this line, "our statement, if left as it stands, might, in his opinion, tend rather to injure him for any future engagement." We readily print Mr. Denton's statement, which we have no desire to traverse.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

FELICIDAD GOLD COMPANY.—J. E. M. (Boston).—In your place we should prefer the money in the bank to shares in a company whose only asset is "407 acres in the Province of Lugo, Spain," supposed to be rich in minerals.

TWELVE PER CENT.—SANDBACH (Chester).—We never recommend deposits with people who offer 12 per cent. interest. J. C. (Birkenhead).—Ditto.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—F. H. (Essex).—There is no sufficient reason why you should not do so. S. W. (West Hartlepool).—Ditto.

THREE INDUSTRIAL SHARES.—REUBEN (Derby).—We think you would be foolish to buy the shares of any one of the three companies you name. They are all in a precarious position.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—D. C. (Fort William).—Under the new management the corporation is delivering Bonds in due course, but you pay more for them than you can get them for elsewhere, that is if you are prepared to pay cash down. We return your papers. A. E. (Yardley).—See reply to "D. C." W. H. B. (Manchester).—Your better plan is to pay up the balance due and get the Bond. F. L. (Streatham).—See answer to "D. C."

J. G. GRAVES, LIMITED.—RETLAND (Diss).—We do not know how to help you in the matter. You made a very unlucky selection, and if the company passes the Preference dividend and will not issue a report, there is nothing for it, unless you have material that will warrant your going to the Courts. As to that, you should consult your solicitors.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—ARMUND (Newhaven).—It is a mutual life assurance company, excellently managed. If you go to it, you may rely upon being well treated.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO PREFERRED ORDINARY.—G. J. K. (Derby).—Yes, an excellent investment. At the present quotation, and on the basis of the last dividend, they would give you a trifle over 4 per cent.

BERIANI SHARES.—T. J. V. (Battersea).—You would be very foolish to dabble in mining shares of any sort.

RENARD ROAD AND RAIL COMPANY.—L. P. (Leytonstone).—We do not recommend the purchase.

MINING SHARES.—CYCLING (Glastonbury).—They would not be easy to dispose of. As to whether the new people would act for you without charge we have no means of knowing. For the rest, you say "it is a scandal that the police do not stop people being robbed in this manner of all their hard-earned savings by such rogues as these." Well, the police can only act upon information, and then within the limits of the law. The necessary information is not always, or often, easy to get, and, though the police might, in our opinion, do more than they do, and ought to do, in the way of laying these City rogues by the heels, the public have, after all, only themselves to blame in many cases when they are victimised. If they will buy rotten mining shares without due inquiry, or intelligent examination of the claims of the companies concerned, they cannot complain if they and their money part, never to come together again.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK ACCIDENT INDEMNITY SOCIETY.—A. K. (Sheffield).—Yes, of course, it is greater than with more important ones.

RECENT HOUSE PROPERTY COMPANY.—J. E. H. (East Ham).—We have no information.

PREMIUM BONDS.—LEFO (Deal).—(1) Panama. (2) N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. (3) Messrs. Davies and Co., Finch Lane, Cornhill, E.C.

E. J. JACQUES.—DOUGHTY (Old Charlton).—We are afraid you have no remedy. They would plead the Gaming Act.

POSITION OF BANK.—S. H. H. (Gray's Inn Road).—It is a very small concern, but, so far as we know, it is solvent.

THE MINT.—H. G. (Sunderland).—We know nothing about it that does not appear on the face of the advertisement.

EQUITABLE HOUSE PROPERTY COMPANY.—J. S. H. (Ilkeston).—We know no reason why you should not do so.

LONDON AND MANCHESTER INDUSTRIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—2,116 (Dorchester).—We have no information.

NETHERLANDS.—A. M. K. (Long Eaton).—No, you can get the information from a score of reference books. We cannot undertake to supply such elementary information.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—C. M. (Fleetwood).—(1) Yes, quite. (2) We have been advising our readers for a long time past to sell Chartereds, and our advice remains the same. In our judgment the ordinary shares have little or no value. (3) We do not understand your question as to Government Premium Bonds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANY.—SHORTHUM (Carnarvon).—(1) It represents an excellent investment. (2) Your list of investments is a very sensible one. We are much obliged to you for your kindly references to JOHN BULL.

INVESTMENT OF £200.—R. R. (Sutton).—We should prefer to put the money into good industrial shares.

DEPOSIT OF £100.—LIMITED (Bristol).—We should prefer to buy some good industrial shares. For example, the 6 per cent. Preferred stock of the National Telephone Company would give you 5½ per cent., and you could not want a better security.

WARING AND GILLOW, LIMITED.—H. W. L. (Farnham).—(1) We should do so. (2) Yes, the insurance amalgamation is all right.

THE NILE RIVER SYNDICATE.—ORIENTAL (Winchmore Hill).—We do not understand that they have put you down for 300, but only that they invite you to take them. If you do not make application, and we should not advise it, there will, of course, be no liability.

DUBLIN FIRM.—F. W. (Dumbarton).—We have no information.

INVESTMENT.—T. M. (Glasgow).—We cannot recommend deposits with people who offer 12 per cent. for money left with them.

GENUINENESS OF BONDS.—H. D. S. (Hampstead).—There is no reason to question the genuineness of the Bonds delivered by these people. The only ground of complaint from the point of view of the purchaser is that they charge about 20 per cent., and sometimes more, in excess of the market rate.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.—S. P. (Leeds).—It is safe enough.

THE UNION JACK REVIEW.—H. S. (Birmingham).—We agree with your view of the prospectus of the "Union Jack Review," which is apparently sent out by the Union Jack Publishing Company, and of the letter of Mr. T. Herbert Thomas, of 6, Oxford Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees, who apparently thinks that this will induce your friend to send him a cheque value £200 for 200 shares, in consideration of his being made secretary of the company.

THE REV. DAVID DAVIES.—C. P. (Brighton).—We thank you for the report of the bankruptcy proceedings in which this reverend gentleman was concerned.

WOOLWICH EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. G. (Congleton).—We understand the society is well managed and sound.

ANCHOR SAVINGS AND INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—T. B. R. (Wolverhampton).—The answer is in the negative.

"COMBINATION DEAL."—SPECIFIC (Leeds).—Report to the police by all means, but we fear not much will come of it. Still good may ultimately come if you can induce the police to keep their eyes on these people. If you hear anything further from them, let us know

UNITED KINGDOM INVESTMENT SAVING COMPANY.—W. D. (Islington).—We think not.

HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—J. G. S. (Edgbaston).—Better have nothing to do with them.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—MAC (Newport).—We think not. W. E. S. (Spark Hill).—We agree with your friend.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—BOXER (Edgware Road).—We do not think investment in the stock of the London and South-Western Railway Company at its present price is to be recommended.

SAFETY OF BANK.—C. (Cricklewood).—We should prefer the Birkbeck Bank.

NINETEENTH CENTURY BUILDING SOCIETY.—FRANCISKA (Clapton).—It is an excellent society, and your money would be quite safe with it.

CENTURY INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. R. (Walkley).—The head office is at Edinburgh. It is a very progressive company. Its capital now amounts to £315,000, of which £35,000 is paid up, and £280,000 uncalled, in 70,000 shares of £4 10s. each, with 10s. paid. A dividend is announced at the rate of 25 per cent.

SICKNESS ASSURANCE.—G. N. R. (Birmingham).—You could hardly do better than go to the Century Insurance Company, which was originally established in 1885 as the Sickness and Accident Assurance Association.

NEW DRUCE PORTLAND COMPANY.—W. A. D. (London).—There is no fixed time in which the Official Receiver has to pay over monies available for shareholders.

STATUS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. M. (Frodsham).—Without suggesting anything to the prejudice of the company you name, we should select another office for "a very large risk."

CARLTON DEBENTURES.—F. S. (Macclesfield).—(1) The debentures rest on very sound security. (2) The address of the Legal and General Life Assurance Society is 10, Fleet Street, E.C.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—H. H. (South Hackney).—We do not think so. We thank you for your kind letter. We continue to receive questions respecting this association, and we can only for the moment refer them to our statement in our issue of March 7th, in which we said that they have asked Mr. King, the well-known actuary, to report upon their scheme of business as to whether it is actuarially sound. Until that report is received—assuming it to be received within a week or two—we think it fair not to express an opinion as to whether the company can carry out all that it undertakes to do or not. But, of course, as we have told the directors, we cannot wait indefinitely.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S. C. M. (Birmingham).—Have nothing to do with either of the firms you mention. E. S. B (Mary's Hill).—We note what you say, and are making inquiries. Our advice to all our readers is to steer clear of double options, and all that sort of thing. J. D. (Bedminster).—Ditto. BETA (Berkhamstead).—You should have nothing to do with any of the people you name.

CASSELL AND COMPANY.—T. B. H. K. (Kettering):—You may have noticed that the report for the past year was recently issued, and that it shows a considerable increase in net profits, but examination of the figures shows that debits have not been made which ought to have been made, and which, if made, would have transferred this net profit into a heavy loss. Copyrights and stock in the balance-sheet have gone up £20,500, open accounts have increased by over £20,000, and the scarcity of cash is indicated by a loan of £10,000 from the company's bankers.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—C. P. would like to buy a certificate—a 15-year one—for £200. Have any of our readers one to dispose of? J. R. (Newhaven).—The answer to your question is in the affirmative.

A RHODESIAN COMPANY.—E. H. (Bolton).—They are not liable.

ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—A CONSTANT READER (Brighton).—Nothing. W. T. (Leytonstone).—Yes, we think so.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—FLOORCLOTH (Leicester).—The answer is in the negative.

THE NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANY.—INVESTOR (South Shields).—The company is making great strides, and its management is sound and vigorous. For 1907 the profit on working was £85,852, and the dividend 8 per cent. At 6¼ the Ordinary shares yield over 6¼ per cent., and may be confidently recommended.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"The Song of Songs" on the Stage.

I find in many quarters a disposition to marvel at the temerity of the English Drama Society in staging "The Song of Songs," miscalled "The Song of Solomon," and in some quarters a tendency to censure the action. I confess that I am surprised at such an attitude even among devout persons—that is to say, devout persons of culture. No one is less anxious than myself to see the religion of any section of the community exploited for purposes of gain on the popular stage. Theatrical religion is always ridiculous and generally revolting. I have never seen a play of religious flavour that was not somewhat dull, although one or two of them—the study of crude Dissent provided by Miss Mack in "The Gates of the Morning," for the Stage Society the other day, for example—have been decidedly clever and not without dramatic possibilities. But the work of the English Drama Society is the semi-private work of a body of scholars and artists; it does not appeal to the crowd, but to men and women of a certain erudition and cultivated taste. One of its functions is to elucidate the history of the drama by producing ancient works bearing on the childhood of the art, another to show us curious masterpieces that we could not see otherwise. From both these standpoints it seems to me the English Drama Society was justified in producing Mr. Nugent Monck's version—which is a simple dramatisation of the Revised Version, as we all know it, of "The Song of Songs."

A Great Poem and its Meaning.

No one nowadays, that is to say no one with even a nodding acquaintance with modern criticism, regards this wonderful poem as having a mystical or spiritual significance; such significance was a growth of the period immediately preceding the Christian era. But everyone who has studied the history of the drama must find it weirdly interesting, in an age when the Jews are playing a large and an ever-increasing part in dramatic affairs. It reminds us of the virtual non-existence of drama as we understand it, and as even the ancients understood it, in the early Hebrew literature. Before Herod there is no trace of a theatre at Jerusalem, of professional actors or anything indicative of scenic representation—a very astonishing fact. If the English Drama Society's production should do nothing else but cause a few of those who see it or hear of it to read or re-read the masterly rendering of "The Song," with its accompanying history and criticism for which the world is indebted to Ernest Renan, it will have served a meritorious purpose. An excellent English translation of Renan's remarkable and fascinating book exists in English—the work of W. M. Thompson. Scores of learned men have devoted years of study to "The Song," its origin and meaning; and several great scholars are still grappling with the various strange problems it presents.

When was it Written?

Only the other day Professor Haupt was reported to have definitely established its date as 600 years after the reign of Solomon; but it is probable that this part of the mystery will never be satisfactorily cleared up. No doubt Mr. Monck is aware, although apparently he did not mention the fact to any of his numerous interviewers, that Renan was the first to cast the poem into plain dramatic form—as a five-act drama of many scenes and an epilogue. Most of the critics who preceded him, and some of his contemporaries, regarded the poem simply as a collection of love songs, without bond or plan. So far as Renan could gather, right on to the sixteenth century, only one man, Theodore de Mopsuestus, had dared to say outright that the Song was a profane and not a sacred work. Others since him have gone so far as to suggest that it is an objectionable work. This surely is as grotesque as to attribute to it a particular spiritual savour. As Renan well said, a work may be profane and yet great, for the profane is not necessarily the frivolous or indecent.

A Moral Story.

It is a profoundly moral story taken just for just what it is: the imagery is of its period, which was a tolerably licentious period, but possibly at bottom as moral if less mock-modest than our own. I am assuming that Renan was right when he put its date at a little "after the schism," about the middle of the tenth century before Christ—after the death of Solomon, but not long after. "The Song of Songs" may affect adversely the temperament of ignorant and hysterical persons: to the minds of the decent and the informed it is one of the most beautiful pastorals ever sung. It has been preserved to us during 3,000 years, not by its imaginary religious essences, but by its truth to the eternal passions of live men and women; and its immortality is assured by the same influence.

The Grand Guignol.

We are in for an epidemic of sensations during the next few weeks. The Sicilians at the Shaftesbury have been giving it to us pretty hot and strong—"red blood and blue murder and general sultriness," as the American said when he wished to tell his Parisian guide the sort of show he was looking for. The Grand Guignol Company has supplied the French capital with all these things in short, sharp doses; and it has been brought to London to do the same for us. Mr. E. Dagnall understands the mood of the moment; and he is wise in securing the Grand Guignol combination for an English season. P.

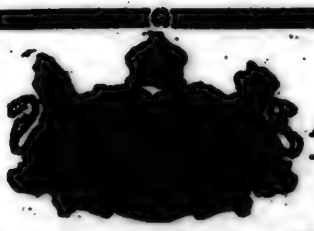
HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XIX.

We have received the following which speaks for itself—

In reading your bright little paper, one is struck with the strong touch of humanity which is found underlying most of your comments, and this encourages me to submit the following to you for insertion, as I firmly hope, if you will kindly do so, some of your readers may gather an idea how hard it is for a *bona-fide respectable man*, who is unable to secure employment, to secure any assistance or help from the authorities, and, at the same time, some of your readers may feel inclined to render assistance to a really deserving case.

The person in question, Mr. Lang, a married man with three little children, has been my tenant for the last four years. I can only speak of him as an honest, industrious person. Having to give up his position through slackness of trade, he tried vainly, week after week, to obtain employment, no matter of what description. Failing in this, he applied to the Church Army. Being by this time practically penniless, he walked from his address in Blackfriars to the "Church Army" headquarters in the Edgware Road, who gave him a letter to their Notting Hill branch, and as they did not offer any fare, he had of course to do this on the tramp, without having had a bit of food. On arriving there, he was told to call the next day, and had therefore to return home on foot. The next day he was given a week's work at the rate of 3s. 6d. a day, 6d. of which went in fares, and was then told there was nothing further to be done, but he could apply again later on. He then went to the relieving officer, who told him he could only assist by giving him an order for the workhouse, which, of course, to a young man like him, with excellent references, was not to be thought of. This shows what little is done in charitable England, in spite of the thousands of pounds that are given to assisting deserving cases like the above. I have thought, for the children's sake, some of your readers might interest themselves in the matter. They would be doing a good action.

I have given what assistance I could, but have been myself two months unemployed. Thanking you in advance, I remain, dear sir, yours truly, Harry Stuart, 41, Webber Street, London, S.E.



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This day (TUESDAY) and 4 following days

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Exhibition of Fair Women.

An Exhibition of Fair Women sounds attractive, and one naturally expects to see something good. "Blessed is the man that expecteth nothing." I confess to not being struck by the overwhelming majority of lovely women hung on the walls at the New Gallery, and I sincerely hope we are not to take Aubrey Beardsley's drawings as types of feminine beauty. However, there are a few just claimants to this title, and they certainly form a very distinguished group. Chief among them may be counted Mrs. Cornwallis West, drawn by Sargent and the Duchess of Rutland; the Duchess of Marlborough, drawn by the Duchess of Rutland and P. Hellen, the French artist whose colour etchings are the latest craze in portraiture among the fashionable ones; the Marchioness of Anglesea, painted by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy; Lady Eden and the Duchess of Portland, by Sargent; and there are two charming portraits, obviously by a German artist, of the late Duchesse de Morny, and the Countess Edmond de Pourtales. They both remind one of what we imagined the Princesses in Grimm's Fairy Tales to be like. Histrionic talent is represented by a bust of Mademoiselle Jane May, the French actress, who has often delighted us Londoners; Miss Viola Tree, drawn by Sargent; Mrs. Patrick Campbell, sketched by the Duchess of Rutland and painted by Charles Shannon; Miss Lillah Macarthy by the same artist; Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, whose portrait is disguised under the title of "The Lilac Gown" (Furse); Miss Edna May, by Lavery; and the much-discussed Mrs. Evelyn Thaw, whom Harrington Mann represents as a not particularly pretty child of seventeen. But the gem of the collection, in my humble opinion, is Shannon's portrait of the Lady Marjorie Manners. It might be one of Romney's fairest models.

The Women's Art Exhibition.

Women workers are coming more and more to the front in matter of arts and crafts, as well as politics. The Women's Art Exhibition in New Bond Street typifies the advance made every year in this direction. There is every kind of beautifully executed work on view—paintings on silk for d'oyleys, etc.; bookbinding, embroidery, floral mosaicon, bead necklaces, decorative wood-work, repoussé metal, cut and embossed leather work, lace and enamelling. Each exponent of her special branch gives instruction, and whether we learn some art that may help us pass away tedious hours, or whether we go in for it as the means of earning a livelihood, in either case they are occupations eminently becoming to those of us who find secretarial duties irksome. The Queen, ever ready to lend an impetus to women's occupation, honoured the exhibition by her gracious presence, and not only made several purchases, but expressed to the different stallholders her appreciation of the excellent work.

Faded Roses and Tarnished Silver.

The Woman's page in a well-known paper gives among its paragraphs one that is worthy of comment. The writer tells us that "a new decoration" for evening frocks consists in "wreaths of faded ribbon roses, interspersed with blossoms in tarnished silver or gold which look as though they have lain for a century neglected and forgotten." Really, I think our credulity is being taxed a little too far, and I also think that a fashion which emanates from old clothes shops is hardly likely to become popular, either with us or the modistes.

For Small Dances.

Ingenuity is needed as much as money in entertaining. A recent hostess, anxious to give a small dinner, and dance to follow, but not desirous of turning her drawing-room inside out, nor of going to the expense of taking a hall, hit upon a good plan. She had the dining-room carpet taken up, and parquet flooring laid down; over this a drugget. Directly the dinner, served at three separate tables, was finished, the drugget was removed, with the floor ready for dancing. It took about ten minutes, and was a great success.

Sic Transit Gloria Feminæ.

A man, who evidently thinks his opinion so invaluable that it must on no account be lost, writes to a contemporary that we women have no sense of justice, no regard for the truth, are either bad or good—if good we throw ourselves away on a bad man, if bad we ruin a good one. One wonders what was the matter with the poor dear—whether his dinner was ill-cooked or whether his liver is out of order. One also wonders why the good Lord forgot to endow him, like many others of his species, with a sense of humour.

Marmalade.

Seville oranges can be bought just now at the rate of seventy-four for half-a-crown, so it is well to make marmalade while the price is low. The following recipe dates from the eighteenth century and is acknowledged by culinary experts to be among the best:—

Cut Seville oranges into thin slices, and to every pound of fruit add 3 pints of cold water; let it stand 24 hours. Then boil until tender, stand another 24 hours, and to every pound of fruit add 1 pound of sugar. Boil for nearly an hour.

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To His Majesty the King.

By Royal Warrant

To Their Majesties
The King and Queen of Italy.

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THE FINEST TEA
THE WORLD
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THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

WHEN A BODY MEETS A BODY.

Gin a body meets a body coming through the Rye anything may happen; they say Peckham is a place where you never know your luck. I went through the Rye last week to see what was happening at the bye-election. By the time I had finished my tour I felt that all men were liars. The Psalmist said that in his haste. But if he had been with me at Peckham he would have said it at his leisure. Thank heaven I have no vote in that district. The best I could have done with it would be to give it to the party which told the most.

First I ran up against a wagonette load of Suffragettes played to victory, or from Holloway—I am not sure which—by brazen instruments. They drew up against the Peckham House Lunatic Asylum. The doors were locked, however, and they did not go in. I waited for the orations, but the wind instruments were too strong and I was blown away towards a voluble little man who belonged to the Coal Consumers' Defence League. He was explaining to his little lot that if it had not been for this Government coal would be down at about ninepence a bag. I drifted with some of the crowd thirty yards farther down the street where a larger man in a smaller hat was also on coal. The argument he was hammering out on the splash-board of a cart was that coal was up because the poor coal owners and coal merchants had to screw their unholy profits out of somebody, and preferred to screw them out of the sweat of the horny-handed son of toil.

Going over to the local gasworks, I found that the orators were knocking each other into the Old Kent Road, so to speak, for that is where the gasworks are situate. The voice of a gentleman rang out in fervent peroration. He was telling his audience that if they did not want to be starved in their homes and see their country's prosperity shrink to zero they must never, never, never change their system of Free Trade for so prodigious an injustice and so monstrous a fraud as Protection. When the applause had died away I transferred my custom to another orator who was telling Peckham that not until we had tariff reform should we oust the German Teuton and the foreign alien from our home markets and find work for hundreds of thousands of starving unemployed who had no work to do and no bed to lie on. "You want no bed to lie on, anyway," shouted somebody; and with this scathing remark he wriggled out.

Moving on I found one vociferous lady demanding the defeat of the Liberal candidate because there would be no votes for women if he were returned, and not far away another vociferous lady asserted that if they wanted votes for women the Liberal candidate was the most suitable man for the job. A few steps further on an orator in a brewer's van had the ear of a crowd with the horrible story that the Government were going to close the public-houses, rob the poor man of his beer on week-days and make him walk six miles to get it on Sundays, ruin the brewers and the publicans, dissipate the dividends of the widow and the orphan, and send the whole country to the dogs. At the same time another orator over the way was treating his audience to the opinion that the brewers and the publicans were responsible for the desolation of the happy homes of England, and that the Government were trying to save the nation from sapping its life's blood beside the barrels of John Barleycorn. Then there was a man telling a crowd that this was the worst Government of modern times, the authors of spoliation and robbery everywhere, and another alleging that if Peckham returned the Tory candidate it would shake and weaken the best Government that ever laboured for the amelioration of the lot of the people.

There seemed to me to be more sorts and sections of politicians on the stump in Peckham than I have ever seen out for an airing in Hyde Park on Sundays. Practically every orator was telling some other orator that he was the incarnation of Ananias. There were more bulls about than you could nip in the bud at an election in Dublin. Even Mr. Winston Churchill netted one or two as soon as he took his hook to Peckham. "I am told," he said at his meeting, "that the Government has cut its throat. It has jumped into the water—sprung over the Embankment. It has jumped into beer. They might as well put up the shutters." My only wonder is that the Government has not blown its brains out, hung itself behind the door, and thrown itself out of the window. If I had been condemned to the pandemonium of Peckham for as long a time as the voters of that stupendous health resort I think I should have tried to starve myself to death. I never was in such an orgie of magnificent inaccuracies. George Washington looked up at Peckham, and then turned in his grave and wept.

The annual Clearance Sale of the London Shoe Co., Ltd., began on Monday, and lasts the remainder of the week. It is quite a sight to see the crowds waiting—this being one of the sales where genuine bargains are to be got at the annual clearance.

BULL'S EYES.

Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—

That Mr. Birrell and Mr. McKenna shake hands.

That Mr. C. J. Stewart has sent in his resignation.

That negotiations are proceeding between Señor Franco and Mr. Oswald Stoll.

That the Suffragettes are practising Ju-Jitsu.

That Miss Mary Robinson has joined the staff of one of our leading morning newspapers.

That it has been decided to pension the Mutiny and Crimean veterans now in the workhouses rather than continue giving them an annual dinner.

That in order to lessen expense to the public and to increase efficiency the distinction between barristers and solicitors is to be abolished.

That Mr. Haldane, M.P., is to be promoted to the rank of Field Marshal, and will take command of the new Territorial Army.

That the Nonconformist Conscience is greatly shocked at the immense fortunes made in the cocoa industry by means of slave labour.

That the highest legal authorities have decided that in all future criminal trials, no kind of jokes, however ancient, shall be indulged in by either Bench or Bar.

Heinemann is responsible for "The Night that Brings Out Stars," by G. Agnew. Saturday, of course.

Beecham's latest advertisement begins: "Judged by Results." After sifting the evidence, we presume.

Another book advertisement: "Elizabeth Robins, author of 'The Magnetic North,' 'Come and Find Me' (Tuesday)." Tuesday will suit us admirably, Lizzie.

A doctor says that "the influence of a well-performed play is beneficial in many forms of disease." We guessed that some of the audience were suffering from something last time we went theatring.

The *Daily Graphic* laments that "the United Kingdom has no adjective." You can say England, English, and so on. It suggests "Brirish"—to take in Ireland. "Brirish," however, is distinctly suggestive of both Irish and Scotch.

An advertisement: "We can print anything, from a mourning card to a morning paper." Put in the wrong order.

A Woolwich paper announces that "The *Pioneer* has completed more than three years' existence, and the whole of that period has been marked by continuous discharges from the Arsenal." Now we know the reason.

At Clerkenwell, a man complained that whilst in hospital the wrong card was put over his bed, and he was treated for the other man. He got better.

A man named Smith, according to a contemporary, "was charged with assaulting the police whilst drunk." What a libel on the force!

A Good Templar lodge in the North of England has been dissolved on account of its members transgressing a rule which prohibits kissing games. The leading officials hold that the cause is not furthered by mere lip service.

A writer in *Footwear* complains that "the average amount spent upon boots and shoes in the United Kingdom is less than a pound per head." There is nothing surprising in this. The number of people who use boots as headgear cannot be large.

A writer in a daily paper says: "It always seems to me that there are few of us that get more out of life than a young lamb." Some people only get cold mutton, in fact.

"Joan of Arc Repainted."—This heading from a contemporary arouses interest. Was Jeanne d'Arc or fair, and was her armour light?

Mrs. Goodman, the "grandmother" defendant, having lost the action for "breach," has to pay £50 damages. Though a Goodman, she does not intend to appear any more in such expensive breaches.

From a Museum catalogue: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella."

A Brighton minister recently announced: "The preachers for next Sunday will be found on the notice-board outside the church."

Lord Rosebery, presenting flags to Edinburgh Schools, told the scholars whenever they were tempted to do anything base to look up to the flag. Would it remind them of the stripes?

"John Bull as the Prodigal Son" was a recent headline across the *Star's* front page. Our contemporary is wrongly informed.

The same lively journal says that "bread is politics, and politics bread." Then why is the Government trying to make politics beer?

Riding out the other day a Ballarat man punctured his cycle tyre in two places with gold dust. No doubt he made rather a shine about it.

Tobacco is being grown in Regent's Park. The resultant cigars will be extensively used to fumigate the conservatories.

A member of the Chemical Society has been lecturing on the preparation of paratoluidine from mixed toluidines by means of paratoluidine hydrate. The subsequent discussion led to hard words.

Chorus of voters (to Asquith): "Oh, draw it mild!"

A BITTER DRAUGHT.

Oh, Mr. H. H. Asquith, you'll set all us voters wild,
You might have made your legislation fitter;
There might have been no grumbling if you'd only drawn it mild,
Instead, the draught you offer us is bitter.

Under the new Bill the *bona-fide* traveller will have to go six miles for a drink on Sundays. Mr. Asquith wants to revive the practice of long-distance walking.

The Judge in a recent divorce case said the respondent and the two co-respondents were "as thick as bees." Naturally, the petitioner got waxy.

Pleading to a charge of selling short-weight bread, a New Malden baker said the wind had dried up the moisture. To be safe, he had better put the next baking out in the rain.

Speaking against the "Votes for Women" Bill, Mr. Cathcart Wason, M.P., said that force, and force only, ruled the world. The Suffragettes will probably now assault some more policemen.

Alston Rivers announces "A Bride on Trust" for 6s. We shall make early applicaton.

A correspondent informs us that he has already heard the cuckoo. We fear it was a lark.

A writer informs us that food cooked in a frying-pan may cause death. Out of the frying-pan into the fire?

"Even the hour of adversity only contains sixty minutes," says a contemporary. It's the day of adversity we object to.

"Foneterix" is the name of a new competition in a contemporary. Why not "Funny Tricks"?

"A chauffeur is one who takes life easily," says Pulitzer. Whose life?

Thaw says he was as sane when he married his wife as he is now. Also, probably, as when he murdered Stanford White.

Much to the regret of the Postmaster-General, the London-New York mail-bag is missing. Likewise the supposed thieves.

King Alfonso's visit to Barcelona seems to have been a great success. Even the local press refrained from blowing him up.

A man who warned the Paris police that if they did not lock him up for the night he would walk along the Boulevards without his garments, did so. He must have been in a shocking state.

Hall Caine, we are told, is going to write about himself. Pity he can't find a fresh subject.

OUR attention has been directed to a paragraph in our issue of last week, in which our readers were warned against the use of "certain penny tablets of Beef Extract," and it was said that these tablets can, at their best, be "but a poor imitation of the real beef preparation." The proprietors of Ju-Vis consider that the criticism referred to their extract, and direct our attention to the recent Ju-Vis and Oxcup case, in which after an exhaustive investigation, it was proved to the satisfaction of the presiding magistrate that Ju-Vis is all that it claims to be. We have perused the evidence and the judgment of the magistrate which bear out this statement. The case was opened on March 11th, 1907, and judgment given in May, 1907, the prosecution being at the instance of the Society of Hygiene against Mr. George Foster Clarke, Proprietor and Manufacturer of Ju-Vis.

It's all a Question of Diet.

Drugs won't do. How thousands of Pounds are Thrown away every year.

All the most prevalent and fatal maladies now afflicting the human race are either directly or indirectly traceable to a dietetic source.

Therefore the proper assimilation of the food they eat is of paramount importance to every man, woman and child.

Dr. Tibble's Vi-Cocoa taken regularly at breakfast and supper will do more to assure this than any medicine ever invented.

No, medicines will not replenish the system after the daily wasting of tissues; but Vi-Cocoa, which is neither a medicine nor a mere thirst assuager, will do this when taken regularly.

Vi-Cocoa is undoubtedly unsurpassed by any other Food-Beverage.

Vi-Cocoa is sold in 6d. packets and 9d. and 1/6 tins. Your grocer will be pleased to hand you a packet in exchange for your sixpence. The gain will be greater to you than to him.

BIRKBECK BANK

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.
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All general Banking Business transacted.
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PROMPT CASH ADVANCES
£100 TO £10,000
LENT PRIVATELY
on approved note of hand, without security.
FIELDINGS
18, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.
For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.
Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

CHARLES STEVENS & Co.,
12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.
NO FEES. NO PUBLICITY.

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY.
Your own approved Promissory Note discounted on terms to be mutually agreed upon.

12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS
Of £1 13 4 for £20 Promissory Note.
" £4 5 4 " £50 " "
" £8 6 8 " £100 " "
These payments include cash advanced and all charges.
Larger Amounts by arrangement.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

SEE PAGE 293.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

The Rev. Canon Blakeney, of Mowbray Lodge, Melton Mowbray, Vicar of Melton Mowbray, wishes us to state that the "Richard Blakeney" of the same address, whom we included in our list of clerical shareholders in brewery companies, is a cousin, possessing the same Christian name. This "Richard Blakeney" is apparently also a "Rev.," as our list was, of course, extracted from the official share register of the company. We are sorry if any annoyance has been caused to the Canon by this peculiar coincidence in names and addresses. As, however, the Canon states that his wife inherited a few shares, which are held by trustees, it is possible that the husband is one of such trustees, and consequently appears upon the register.

R. B. (Burton-on-Trent).—We are keeping our eye on the Public Trustee.

A. M. (West Ham).—We are sorry we have not kept the paper.

W. P. F. (St. John's Wood).—We note that the *Cosmopolitan Financier*, in referring to John Bull, says "there are times in the lives of all of us when we do not quite know what we are talking about." We quite agree.

J. G. (South Hackney).—Many thanks for biscuit ingredients.

H. D. (Northumberland) sends us an account of a lottery prosecution, in which the defendants were the itinerant vendors of picture postcards, which were sold at six a penny, with the chance of winning a canary thrown in. The defendants appear to have been encouraged in their bold project by the result of our own lottery case, and in the end the result was much the same. It was undoubtedly a terrible crime.

J. M., Junr. (Leith), sends us a report of a speech by Mr. Tennyson Smith, a professional teetotal lecturer, who, amongst other flowers of eloquence, treated his audience to the statement that "they should see every distiller, brewer, publican, and licensed grocer out of the town, because their work was a mean, vile, despicable, diabolical, unscrupulous, devilish, and damnable trade." We wonder whether Mr. Smith is paid by the adjective.

H. L. (Hull).—All right; we will tackle the telegraph service—in due course.

"Horace" (King's Lynn).—See answer to F. C. (Manchester).

E. S. J. (St. Albans) takes strong exception to our sympathy with the frugal housewife, whose savings were recently wrenched from her, with the aid of the law, by her husband. We should not like to be E. S. J.'s wife.

R. H. A. (Manor Park) says that if we get up a subscription to Mr. Hunnable's election expenses, he will willingly subscribe his mite. He thinks it a pity that "such a remarkable politician should be deprived of a seat in Parliament."

"Dick Tate" (Gateshead) on the other hand, thinks Mr. Hunnable's letter was a tissue of rubbish, and that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for publishing it. What a good job Manor Park is so far from Gateshead, otherwise we should be disposed to introduce R. H. A. to "Dick Tate" and let them fight the matter out.

J. M. (Woolwich) wants occupation in his neighbourhood for spare time. He cannot do better than regularly purchase a few copies of John Bull, on the chance of getting one of our drawn numbers, and then devoting himself to pushing our sales.

E. J. G. (Bournemouth) thinks we should award ourselves a biscuit for stating that Mr. Birrell told the Suffragettes who called at his house that he was still in bed. But surely he might have given a message through a servant.

B. H. (London).—We note what you say about the religious work of Mr. Hyde, of Messrs. Hyde and Co., Ltd., of Camberwell, but we regret we have no space in which to deal further with the firm at present.

Mr. John Emmett, "Boot Specialist," of Northampton, complains of our recent reply to T. W. B. (Barnsbury). Mr. Emmett says that, whilst he is prepared to send his boots on approval, he does not expect people to keep them and wear them for a prolonged period before making up their minds, and in the case of T. W. B. he says the boots were actually retained for forty-seven days. If this be so, we do not think T. W. B. has any real cause of complaint.

E. G. M. (London).—We quite agree with what you say about Mr. Justice Phillimorality.

D.E.H. (Aberystwyth) thinks Lloyd-George is the only possible successor to the Premiership, and is further satisfied that he would then lose no time in carrying some of our ideas into effect—so that is certainly a big point in favour of the right hon. gentleman.

T. H. A. (Stroud).—We have constantly dealt with the ways of moneylenders, and have no further space for the subject at present.

F. B. (London).—Thanks for cutting.

The Editor of the *Hearts of Oak Journal* is good enough to send us a copy of that publication. He tells us that he tries to make it as practical and pithy as John Bull—and from a cursory perusal we are disposed to think that he succeeds.

P. D. S. (Wallingford).—We cannot comment on a matter whilst it is *sub judice*.

J. K. K. (Kilburn) thinks our proposal to tax titles would be hard on the impecunious members of the aristocracy. But taxation is hard upon someone. He also wishes to know whether *London Opinion* is in any way connected with the London and Paris Exchange. The answer is in the affirmative.

P. J. B. (Brixton) and other readers write complaining of the treatment they have received at the hands of the *Cosmopolitan Financier*. We believe the matter is being officially investigated.

E. P. W. (Chester).—If you will read our article again, you will find that we proposed to devote several millions a year to clearing the slums.

J. B. C. (Hatherleigh) approves of all adult citizens having the vote, but thinks that they should first undergo an examination in knowledge of public questions at the hands of an "independent" barrister. But who would examine the barrister?

F. F. (Woolwich).—Take a biscuit yourself. Tulse Hill *is* in the S.W. postal district.

A. H. C. (Rotherhithe).—You should write to the Editor of *The Strad*, 3, Green Terrace, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.

The Children's Aid Society, 117, Victoria Street, S.W., wish to make it quite clear that they are in no way connected with the Poor Children's Society, recently criticised in our columns. We are only too pleased to give publicity to the disclaimer, as the Children's Aid Society is doing excellent work, and is in every respect thoroughly worthy of support.

E. C. J. (Llandilo) is a wholesale wine and spirit merchant, and has to serve a somewhat hilly district. He wishes our advice as to whether he should give up his horse and cart and substitute a comfortable motor car—for both carriage and passenger purposes. He also wants to know the best car for his purpose, and thanks us in anticipation. What on earth is *not* the Editor supposed to know? He would find a motor car a great expense—particularly in so remote a part of the country—and we advise him to stick to the gee-gee.

"Harold" (Beckenham).—What is the matter with our reference to "the Royal Engineers or any other regiment"? Aren't you thinking of artillery?

J. B. (Wealdstone).—We think we will give Salvation Army methods a rest.

F. G. J. (Leeds).—We note what you say about the Leeds election, but it is ancient history now. What about Hastings?

"Warrington."—The Premier in your local Parliament is as timid as your own Chancellor of the Exchequer in regard to new taxation. Ask him whether he will repeal the taxes on drink and playing cards.

"Cymro" (London).—We recently announced that we were allowing the advertisement to which you refer to remain in our columns, pending the trial of the action in which the whole *bona fides* of the firm will come up for investigation.

S. T. (Hammersmith) and others took the trouble to send the Bishop of St. Asaph a copy of our issue containing the article on "The Bishop and the Schoolmistress." Good boys!

W. E. A. (Crouch End) thinks that in our recent appreciation of Mr. F. E. Smith we laid it on a little too thick, and that we overlooked the claims of Mr. J. A. Simon, K.C., M.P. We hear wonderful accounts of Mr. Simon's abilities, but up to the present have had no personal opportunity of testing them.

E. G. T. (Westminster) and other readers send us copies of Mr. C. J. Stewart's desperate attempts to puff the Public Trustee Department. Things are evidently very bad with him.

"Non-Smoker" (Cardiff) asks what is the use of promoting legislation to suppress juvenile smoking if "those in authority in Bands of Hope, Christian Endeavours, Sunday schools, the Church, &c., set a bad example"? Does he consider that "those in authority" are juveniles?

Several Readers send us a cutting from the *Berkshire Chronicle* awarding our Editor a biscuit for suggesting the taxation of titles—"knowing full well that he is never likely to receive one." Our contemporary must not be too sure. Who knows what the future may have in store?

F. J. N. (Bristol).—Circumstances alter cases. There was much to be said for Senor Franco in the early days of his Dictatorship.

C. R. B. (Glasgow), referring to the biscuit we recently awarded ourselves for speaking of the Suffragette "fraternity," sends us a copy of an American paper called *Mizpah*, apparently a Masonic organ for women, in which several ladies writing to the editor sign themselves "Yours fraternally." Our correspondent suggests that "Yours sororally" should be the phrase. We have tried it on Jim Crow, but he has broken down badly.

F. C. (Manchester).—You are evidently not a very regular reader, or would know that we subsequently made an announcement to the effect that we had decided to give the people in question "a little more rope."

M. E. L. (Johannesburg) objects to the use by our contributor, "Enquirer," of the phrase "heathen priests" in connection with the Jewish writers of the Old Testament. So do we.

J. S. (Kensington).—We have dealt with the matter editorially.

E. A. G. (Bristol).—We quite approve of the letter you have written to the Pan-Asiatic Tea swindlers.

W. J. F. (Poole).—Glad you approve of our handling of the St. Austell parson.

J. C. P. (Dalston) and E. L. (Manchester) want our candid opinion of the Von Veltheim case. We would rather not say.

W. H. K. (Camberwell).—On a second reading the paragraph may, possibly, convey a wrong impression. But it was intended to be "ironical," like some of those complimentary cheers in Parliament. Did you notice the word "confiscation"? That is the strong term JOHN BULL has applied to any attempt to rob the soldier of his hard-earned pension. We have given the information in order to put some of you on the alert. Naval, police, and Civil Service pensions are on a stable foundation. Military pensions are not, and—well, you know, the poor old Army always has been the first to be pecked at. It was with "sorrow," not "satisfaction," we referred to the possibility of "confiscation."

"CITIZEN" (Bath) is not a Socialist or a snob. But he is very angry with the Mayor for refusing to lend the Guildhall for a Socialist meeting. We should have thought the Mayor might safely have lent it.

"SCOTTIE" (Glasgow).—It was very nice of the *Daily Record and Mail* to "put the causes of the dispute into plain English" by favouring us with a mixture of Latin and French. We would have given them many biscuits if we had not been so hard up.

P. G. (North Camberwell) has been excited by a paragraph in a French paper which says that "Queen Victoria will probably join King Edward during His Majesty's Mediterranean trip." But perhaps the lady in question is the wife of Don Alfonso.

The pretended LORD DE MORLEY sends us some arguments about his pretended peerage, which will be considered if he will kindly communicate with our advertisement manager.

A. H. C. (Perry Barr) sends us a *Daily Mail* poster with the following advertisement: "30,000 Public Houses to be Abolished. Mr. Chamberlain Leaving England To-day." We don't blame him.

C. M. (Peckham).—We much appreciate your kind offer and hope you are voting straight in the meanwhile.

E. G. P. (Egham) and others inform us that the Kapnos Cigar and Cigarette Company have supplied them satisfactorily.

"GERM," coming to the conclusion that JOHN BULL is antiseptic, wore a copy for three weeks and was cured of severe pains in the side and back. He says that he is sure that, if we would only make it well-known what a powerful remedy is within the reach of all, many other sufferers would be able to obtain relief. He suggests, for instance, that our "excellent article on the Navy should be applied to the part of the anatomy of those M.P.'s where they feel the righteous indignation at the thoughts of the Government not obliging other countries." Again, small pieces of our pages rolled up into balls and fired through a pea-shooter would prove an effective argument in destroying the Protection microbe. We might swallow all this, but we draw the line at the suggestion of an article by Jim Crow as a cure for cold feet.

W. P. (South Wales).—Nothing.

H. R. S. (Woburn Square).—The fact that Mr. Sims' photographs were made for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children does not necessarily prove their accuracy. The Society should remember Talleyrand's words, "*Surtout point de zele.*"

"CASSIOBURY" (Watford).—Thanks for information, but it is now a little late to comment upon the Marquis De Leuville.

J. B. (Basingstoke) calls the London Premium Tea Co. "another novelty." Good Lord deliver us! Why were we ever born?

F. D. A. O. W. M. (Selston-on-Sea) sends us a long letter which we are to "read at leisure." We will.

G. H. P. (Catford).—Oh dear! Oh dear! Fancy confusing a Lieutenant-General with a Lieutenant-Governor. No wonder you want us to withhold our merriment.

J. B. (N. Shields), A. E. D. (Beckenham), F. G. D. (Edinburgh), "LORETTO" (Westcliff-on-Sea), N. R. (Hale), C. E. W. (Tamworth), "HORSE-MARINE" (Morley), A. M. E. (East Grinstead), C. E. H. (Yelverton), G. M. (Norbury), "A SIDCUP READER," H. J. C. (Leigh-on-Sea), J. A. S. (Peckham), J. B. (Southwick), "MAC" (Inverness), "A REGULAR READER" (Southend-on-Sea), MISS G. S. (Barnsbury Street), C. H. W. (Queen Street, E.C.), F. K. A. (Plymouth), MRS. R. (Weybridge), A. W. C. (Muswell Hill), B. W. (Tunbridge Wells), "READER OF JOHN BULL" (Carnarvon), B. W. G. (Moseley), MRS. N. (Aberdeen), A. R. A. (Birmingham), J. J. (Balham), D. A. (Kennington), L. F. (Aylesbury), L. F. F. (Sutton Coldfield), H. C. H. (Ipswich), H. C. (Ilford), S. F. (Esher), "BILLIDERE," A. A. (Longsight), C. W. S. (Deal), A. P. (Dalston), E. E. (West Kensington Park), M. N. (Canning Town), "DERBY READER," S. H. J. (Bristol), C. L. P. (West Hampstead), W. D. (Shipley), G. R. (Spalding), "A SCORCHER" (Ipswich), J. O'C. (Cork), F. I. (Sale), N. G. (Newcastle Emyln), J. A. E. (Liverpool), E. P. R. (Eastbourne), E. A. D. (Regent Street), C. H. (Margate), F. G. (Glasgow), G. R. (Gourock), "ANTI-CANT," W.O. (Crouch End), G. W. K. (Plymouth), and M. W. (New Cross). Jolly good luck to you.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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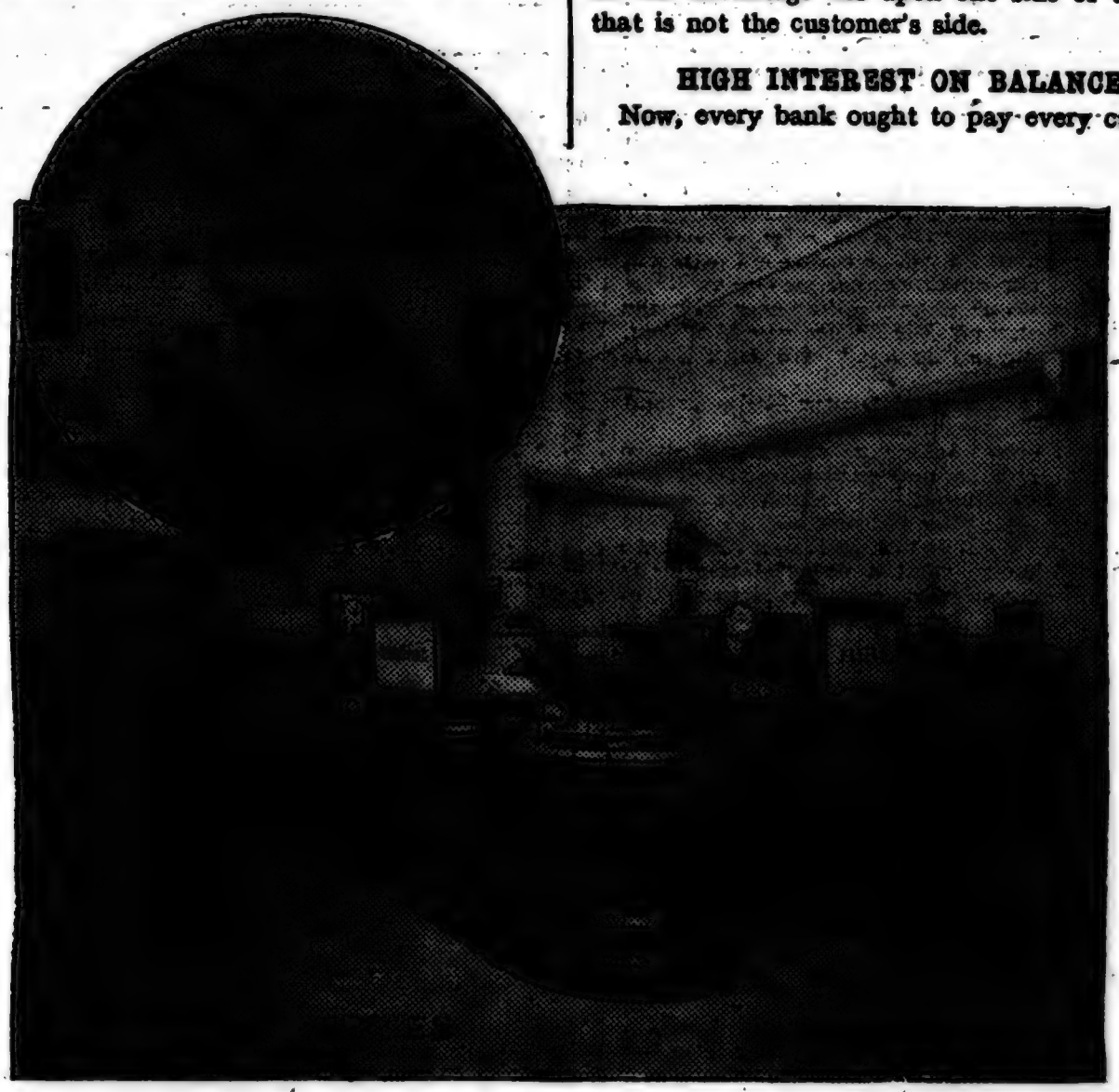
PROFITABLE BANKING ACCOUNTS.

Some simple but little known ways in which a banking account of a few pounds or of many thousands may be made highly profitable.

By A Bank Manager.

The average man or woman knows very little indeed about banking and the great principles which are involved.

Under the old-fashioned (but soon destined to become obsolete) banking customs of to-day, the owner of a small private or business account probably recalls that he or she was first introduced by a friend as a respectable member of the community to the manager of a bank or a branch.



After a preliminary conversation the banker took charge of whatever money was desired to be paid into the account.

Since then divided warrants, cheques, cash or money orders have been paid in from time to time, and likewise withdrawals of cash have been made by cheque, from time to time.

Further than this, the customer's acquaintance with banking principles does not go. Stay!!! There is just one other point which the customer has knowledge of. Some varying balance, either a few pounds or a few hundreds, has been left in the account.

If the average balance has only been a few pounds, then the owner of the account will have noticed a quarterly or half-yearly charge in the pass book called "commission" or "bank charges" for keeping the account. If several hundreds of pounds balance has been the average, then probably no charge will have been made on this score. That is to say, that the bank will have been satisfied to have the regular use of three or four hundred pounds of the customer's money to compensate it for the few shillings' worth of clerical labour per annum which the keeping of such an account has involved.

The name and standing of the Bank are good, and the customer looks upon either the "commission charge" or the bank's use of his money as "the usual thing," and therefore thinks no more about the matter.

Feeling that his or hers is a very small account, the owner regards it almost as a favour that the bank condescends to handle the money at all.

There is probably more of the spirit of mediævalism and of blind feudal submission still permeating the dealings of the modern man with his bank than has been allowed to linger in any other walk of life.

Banking is indeed the one business in which practically all the advantage lies upon one side of the counter, and that is not the customer's side.

HIGH INTEREST ON BALANCE KEPT.

Now, every bank ought to pay every customer interest upon every sovereign of balance that customer keeps with it.

Naturally, the bank requires some fair payment for keeping a customer's account, but it can make, and always does make, sufficient interest upon the customer's money to pay itself and also to allow the customer a fair rate of interest on whatever average balance is maintained.

One important London bank, *Feltham's Bank, of 96,

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* Mention is made several times in the course of this advertisement to Feltham's Bank and the many unique advantages that it offers to its customers. For the benefit of readers who would like to know more fully and exactly what this modern popular bank offers, and how small or large accounts may be opened, they are invited to write for a free copy of a very interesting book, entitled Profitalbe Banking Accounts, which the directors have prepared that tells what everyone should know as to how to commence and keep a banking account to the best advantage. A post-card or letter addressed to the Manager, Feltham's Bank, 96, Victoria Street, London, S.W., or 2, Coleman Street, London, E.C., will bring a copy by return of post.

Victoria Street, London, S.W., and 2, Coleman Street, London, E.C., has, for some time past, recognized the fairness of this, and pays 4 per cent. interest to each of its customers upon every pound in their Current or Drawing Accounts.

It is therefore probable that other of the leading banks will soon follow the example set by Feltham's, as, since Feltham's gave its customers this advantage, its business has increased by leaps and bounds. Naturally, people will move their accounts to the bank that pays a fair interest, in preference to patronizing banks which actually make a charge for holding other people's money, provided always that the safety is equal, and there is, of course, no question of this in the case of such a Bank as Feltham's.

7 PER CENT. ON LARGE OR SMALL DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.

Let us turn to another class of account which the private individual or the professional man or woman often opens with a bank, namely, a time deposit account. Usually some very insignificant rate of interest is offered to the customer, whereas it is quite possible, and, indeed, proper for a bank to pay its customers 5, 6, or 7 per cent. interest, on short period deposit accounts. Here, again, reference may be made to Feltham's Bank, which has for some time past paid these rates to its customers on either small or large accounts which have been deposited for short fixed periods.

OVERDRAFTS AND LOANS TO THE BANK'S CUSTOMERS.

Nothing is more difficult in the ordinary way than for a man or woman who has only a small account with the bank to raise money when it is necessary for some business or other purpose. Banks lend readily to their large customers—the accumulated monies of their smaller customers—but when one of these latter needs temporary financing, hard, indeed, is the task of inducing the bank to listen to the subject of a temporary overdraft. Now there is no sound reason for this, and once more the proof of what is stated may be found in the fact that Feltham's Bank devotes special attention to making advances when required to all its customers, irrespective of the size of the accounts. Naturally, the *amount* of advances would be in keeping with the position of the customer, but there is no such thing as refusing to consider the discounting of bills, or making of other advances, simply because the account is a small one. Indeed, a bank's soundest financial policy is the advancing of money to a large number of its customers, rather than in enormous sums to a few big firms or financiers. A Bank should be ready to credit customers' accounts against all such securities as Bonds, Stocks and Shares, Mortgages, Reversionary Interests, Life Insurance Policies, Goods, Wares and Merchandise, Dock Warrants, Warehouse and Wharf Certificates, Foreign, Colonial, or British Bonds or Stock, Railway Shares, Debentures, &c. Indeed, the banker should always be a really useful financial backbone and support to each of his customers.

BANKING HOURS 9 A.M. TO 7 P.M.

Perhaps the least understandable of all the out-of-date practices to which many banks still cling is that of only being open to transact business during absurdly short hours. Ten-to-four hours may have sufficed a hundred years ago, but to-day, when every business is gradually falling into line with hours from 9 to 6 (or 7), the banker, to be of best service to his customers, must also be open to pay out or receive money, to cash cheques or transact any other financial business between the hours of 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. Those are the hours during which the directors of Feltham's Bank (which from its commencement was intended to represent all that is soundest in modern banking) decreed that their Bank should be open and at its customers' service.

BANKING BY POST—A LONDON BANK FOR COUNTRY CUSTOMERS.

Another, and perhaps the advance in banking methods which affects the widest class of customers, is the feature known as "Banking by Post." For several reasons, banking by post is a necessity, or a very great convenience according to circumstances, to an innumerable multitude of private individuals or the owners of small businesses who live out of London, or even in remote parts of the country. The man or woman who banks by post can have every advantage possessed by Londoners. The prestige which attaches to the having of an account with a first-rate London Bank, as contrasted with a small local bank, the privacy as regards one's financial affairs, the interest on one's balance, the facilities for raising money without local knowledge of the transaction, and many others, are sure to make banking by post a permanent and much appreciated boon.

ADVICE BY THE BANK ON ALL FINANCIAL MATTERS.

Every man or woman at some time or another is in need of financial advice. As a rule, they must turn to friends possibly in no better position to give the required advice than the enquirer. Or application is made to what may be described as semi-informed quarters, such as one's solicitor, or stock broker, each of whom is a more or less separately interested person in the client's transactions. Now, the Banker is the one individual whose interests lie entirely with those of his customer, and who is also in the best of all positions to tender sound financial advice and save his customer from making mistakes.

The modern bank must be its customers' financial adviser, philosopher, and friend if it is to fulfil to the fullest its obvious duty.

Into matters of Insurance, purchase and sale of securities, and many other departments of the modern bank there is not space to enter here, but every reader can look fully into this question for him or herself by writing to the Secretary of Feltham's Bank, 96, Victoria Street, London, S.W., or 2, Coleman Street, London, E.C., for a copy of the most concise and interesting book, setting forth what a bank should do for its customers, which has ever been produced. It is so complete, yet so simply written, that any man or woman, however slight their knowledge of business or money affairs, will be interested and fascinated in learning how much a bank can really do for its customers' financial benefit.

The man or woman who at present has only a few pounds in the Savings Bank will learn things equally to his advantage with what the business man whose accounts is in thousands will also discover.

The title of the book is PROFITABLE BANKING ACCOUNTS, and the address to write for a free copy is, The Secretary, Feltham's Bank, Ltd., 96, Victoria Street, London, S.W., or 2, Coleman Street, London, E.C.—[ADVT.]

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People*," and "*Magpie*" of "*The Globe*.")

A Reunion.

We encountered old friends galore—human and equine—this week.

One of Them Should Win.

Only seven of the original entry for the Liverpool Cup were of ages other than four-year-old.

"Dark."

What professional backers really like to bet on are two-year-olds when they first come out unknown.

A Namesake.

A horse named Rory O'More won the Grand Sefton Steeplechase ten years ago, and was, Bob Nightingall declares, the best steeplechaser he ever rode.

Collateral Ideas.

Common Council, sold for £100 at Hurst Park recently, beat Haloya there in a "selling" last summer. The last-named is now one of the favourites for the Lincoln under his new name, Duke of Sparta.

Consoling.

Backers of Monitor for the Lincoln will look with very mingled feelings upon the colt's victory in the big race at St. Cloud, on the opening day of the French racing season. There was evidently nothing amiss with the three-year-old.

A Monopoly.

Just as Le Blizon was a standing dish in the Batthyany Plate, Rising Falcon and Early Bird have now taken his place. It would not be the first sprint of the year without the entry or presence of one or both.

Name!

I hear that there will be a sensational case in the Hants district on Friday, a leading owner of racehorses being charged with seriously assaulting a tout who had been watching some of the stable trials. This truly savours of the old days, when trainers sometimes took the law into their own hands. It is lucky, perhaps, that the owner has no representative in the Grand National, otherwise the proceedings might not have allowed him to see the race.

Things Coming His Way.

A man's luck, both ways, can be extraordinary; and of recent days the popular solicitor-sportsman and judge of horseflesh, Mr. Romer Williams, has been very much favoured. At Warwick, Autocar won him the rich National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, solely because Cannock Lad bolted towards the paddock when fifty yards from home, when winning easily, while Sir Charles Nugent vows that—solely through Mr. Williams's luck—his horse Leinster refused, for the first time in his life, when opposing a very moderate animal carrying the blue bird's-eye jacket at Rugby.

Prophetic.

A game we ought to know something about is the jumping at Liverpool—so that one should be able to anticipate with confidence the success of Jerry M. in the Stanley Steeplechase to-day (Thursday). The Liverpool Cup must be much influenced by the running for the Lincoln Handicap, so that I can only remind those who have adopted my suggestions to support

Longcroft

each way in the Lincoln Handicap (run while these notes are in the press) to follow the five-year-old, governed according to his performance on the Carholme. Friday's Grand National I still think rests between

Extravagance and Mount Prospect's Fortune

—both certain—as one can reasonably say regarding steeplechasers at Aintree—to get the course. The Sandown Grand Military Gold Cup winner has again changed hands, and it will be an extraordinary coincidence if he should now win for his new owners as he did for Captain Payton at Esher, when bought, in like manner, for the express purpose. The "good thing" of the week I think is

Mask

for Saturday's Hurdle Handicap—although strictly on the Sandown form he is behind Simonson. But the luck of the race, and the heavy ground, were much against the young horse, who ought to be improving week by week. What beats him now will win.

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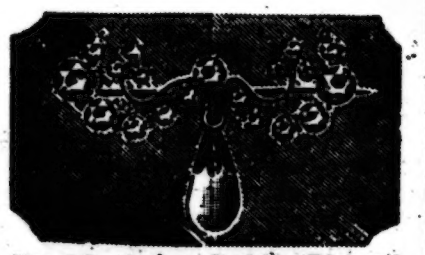
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